

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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FRANCE WANTS A MILLION WORKMEN

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JUNGLE THRILLS CATCHING ANIMALS FOR A ZOO

Fierce Fight in a Boat with an
Ant-Eater

THE VAMPIRE THAT COMES BY NIGHT

A party of scientists has just returned from a five months' expedition in the wilds of British Guiana, where they have been collecting living specimens for the Bronx Zoo in New York, and Mr. William Beebe, the leader, has been recounting some of their exciting and perilous adventures.

The party included a number of women scholars, and one evening, when the atmosphere was stifling, the whole party wandered in the jungle to try to get a breath of air. They were thinking little of danger when suddenly one of the party gave an involuntary gasp, and pointed toward a patch of moonlight filtering through the trees not fifty yards away. In the centre stood a full-grown jaguar glaring fiercely with furtive, glowing eyes.

Facing the Jaguar

"We stopped abruptly," says Mr. Beebe. "There was not a thing we could do save to stand there. In the whole party there was not a weapon of any kind, not even a pocket-knife. And then a most extraordinary thing happened. The jaguar turned about, as if bored, and marched calmly and leisurely away."

A few days later came an even more exciting adventure. An ant-eater was seen floating down the river and the party set off in two rowing-boats with nets and oars to catch the animal. But it did not want to be captured and fought its foes fiercely. It slashed the air with its long nose, splintered the oars thrust at it, and finally, hooking its big curved claws over the gunwale of the boat, climbed in. The situation called for careful handling.

An Angry Ant-Eater

"Fighting an enraged ant-eater in the cramped quarters of a small boat is about as thrilling an undertaking as I can imagine," says Mr. Beebe; "yet we went about it calmly and carefully. I was nearest to the animal, so I engaged its attention with an oar while the others worked the boat ashore. When the boat grounded we drove the animal out, surrounded it, and kept it at bay with sticks and clubs, seeking to prevent it from clawing its way through us to freedom until someone could obtain a box or crate in which to imprison it."

One of the women members of the party found that the only crate large enough to hold it was already occupied by a boa-constrictor, but without any hesitation she grabbed the boa and thrust him into a smaller box while the other women of the party rushed

The Richest Tree in the World



We may surely call this tree the richest in the world, for it lives in the heart of the Bank of England. Right in the middle of the Bank, in the quadrangle, it stands, and it has thriven so well in the golden soil that its boughs have spread widely and are now being lopped. The land on which it stands must be worth at least £1000 a square foot

down to the shore with the packing-case. With much difficulty the animal was driven into the case, and it proved to be one of the largest ant-eaters ever captured. It was eight feet long, including its two-foot nose, and the claws were at least three inches, more than twice as long as a lion's claws.

On another afternoon, when the men of the party were all away, the women members were startled by the cries of the natives, who said a huge snake was approaching in the underbrush. Running towards it the plucky women scholars saw that it was a rainbow boa, more than nine feet long; and they at once decided to capture it. One of the women made a dive for it and after a great struggle managed to secure it and pack it in a case.

Once when swimming Mr. Beebe was shocked by an electric eel. His whole body became tense as the charge of electricity ran through it, seemingly coming from nowhere. "This," he says, "is the original death-ray." Its

charge will travel quite a distance through the water.

But if these facts sound strange (says Mr. Beebe) what would you think if a bat flew into your bungalow at midnight, bit a hole in the end of your big toe, sucked out a good deal of blood, and then sealed the opening with saliva which Nature has rendered antiseptic for just this purpose? This is exactly what the vampire bat does. It lives only on blood, preferably human blood, and it bites a person almost invariably on the fingers or toes, choosing the big toe whenever possible. It does its work so stealthily that the sleeper is entirely unconscious of its presence. If the person stirs and frightens the bat away during the operation, the wound very likely will bleed until morning, but if the bat is allowed to finish undisturbed it seals up the hole with antiseptic saliva.

Mr. Beebe lay quite still in his cabin one night and permitted a vampire bat to creep over his body and pierce his skin, sealing up the hole. He is probably the only scientist who has experienced and described this weird sensation.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE AND THE BIRD MEN

PITIFUL STROKE OF FATE

The Poor Man Who Greeted
the Round-the-World Travellers

HACHINOHE AND ITS HARMONICAS

The little village of Hachinohe in northern Japan lies so far off the beaten track that the story has only just reached England of the way in which it planned to greet the American flying men when they arrived.

Hardly anyone in this part of Japan had ever seen an aeroplane, and great was the excitement when it was learned that the world fliers were likely to be visitors to the village, as their route lay right across it. For many days the inhabitants took counsel as to how they should show signs of friendship to them, and in their simplicity they decided that the best welcome they could give would be by a mouth organ concert, for the young men of the village were experts with the mouth organ.

Saving the Mouth Organs

Twenty youths of Hachinohe therefore began busily to practise. They practised not only their own tunes but tunes that were strange and foreign to them, including American patriotic songs, and as they perfected themselves the excitement and anticipation grew.

But then came disaster, for a fire swept over the little village. Their homes and their holiday clothes were burned, and even some of the villagers perished in the flames. Only seven of the mouth organs were saved!

A few days later a shabbily-dressed man, haggard and unshaven, visited the neighbouring village of Minato, where was staying the American officer who had been sent there to await the arrival of the fliers. Through an interpreter the almost heartbroken village elder poured out the story of Hachinohe's preparations to honour his countrymen, and the disaster that had overtaken them.

A Present for the Airmen

The young men, he explained, could not think of appearing before the aviators when they arrived, in their ragged, old, and often singed clothes. It would be an insult. But seven of the harmonicas had been saved, and he begged that these might be presented to the airmen as a token of the welcome they had intended to give them.

The bird men, when they arrived, as a matter of fact, rested in their planes for a couple of hours on the surface of the water outside Minato and Hachinohe, but it may be imagined that when they were visited during this interval by their countryman their smiles at the simple offering were mixed with a sense that of all the honours that had been paid to them on their historic flight this simple honour paid them by the Japanese peasants was not the least.

STONE AGE ON THE FILM

AMONG PEARLS AND SAVAGES

Mr. Frank Hurley's Film from a Wild Pacific Island

CANNIBAL LAKE-DWELLERS

A hundred yards from the roar of Oxford Circus we can step into the Stone Age on the screen which an Australian traveller in Papua is lighting with moving pictures which he obtained of the men and women who dwell in that wild land.

Mr. Frank Hurley is the traveller, and he went to Papua because after he had been marooned for two years in the Antarctic with Shackleton, he resolved that if ever he got away from icy temperatures, he would go where it was warm.

Through Forest and Jungle

So, when the Great War was over, he set sail for this big island, most of which, away from the coast, consists of mountains covered with impenetrable forests, and of jungles through which rivers 600 miles long roll down to the sea through poisonous swamps. What Mr. Hurley saw he shows us at the Polytechnic, in one of the most remarkable films we have seen: Pearls and Savages.

The half-tamed savages of Papua, who have come into contact with white men of many kinds, traders, missionaries and gold-diggers, received him in friendly fashion, so that he was able to photograph their strange houses 500 feet long, in which a whole tribe lives, and their strange villages built on poles above the water.

But these were tribes who have given up head hunting and cannibalism. More fearsome were the tribes he sought for in the interior, taking his schooner for a fortnight up the great Fly River and coming at last to the mysterious and almost fabled Lake Murray.

Head-Hunters

These men are still cannibals; they still make trophies of the heads of their enemies, and lead the lives that were lived by men at the dawn of man's coming into the world. They are savage, and so shy of the unknown that for many days the schooner lay out in the lake without one of them venturing from their hiding-places, though it was certain they were watching, for every time the schooner moved their signal fires were lit and the smoke could be seen going up from the jungle.

At last some of them became used to the sight of the wondrous craft lying still in the lake, or moving about without paddles to propel her; and a fleet of war canoes filled with warriors armed to the teeth stole towards her in the daylight. The explorers drew their teeth by exchanging tomato tins and kerosene tins for barbed arrows, and to the Lake Murray savages the tins were valuable because they held water.

Friendly Savages

Gradually the savages became more friendly. They brought the stone adzes with which they hew out their canoes; the stone maces with which they fight; arrows and spears and mummified heads. After many precautions they even consented to be photographed; and wonderful photographs these are, because they reveal these primitive men as a race which, from their appearance, might have been brothers to those who invaded Babylon or Egypt thousands of years ago. Their chief is like an Assyrian king.

So confiding did they become that once the Australians were asked to go ashore to the village. They agreed, though the other Papuan natives, who were on the ship, were very doubtful, and warned them against treachery. Consequently, though they set foot on the shores of the Lake, they wisely turned back before reaching the chief's

CRACKERS AT 2 L O

Boy's Thunder Goes Out Into Space

A BONFIRE NIGHT JOKE

The Americans say in their picturesque way that the first shot fired at Fort Sumter, out of which their Civil War arose, echoed round the world. In its terrible consequences it did, but not literally as sound.

Perhaps London may now claim to have sent out a report which more truly approaches the truth of that saying. If that should prove to be so, the Guy Fawkes Day of 1924 will be memorable in the history of communications.

The programmes sent out nightly by 2 L O from London are heard, not only all over the United Kingdom, but far over the sounding seas, in hot lands and cold lands, where the Sun is low and where the Sun is still climbing the morning sky.

Whispering Gallery for the World

Our cousins and brothers and our coloured fellow citizens in South Africa hear and rejoice. The Spaniards, weary and spent with their day's fighting against the Riff tribes in north Africa, rest awhile to hear us in their evening camps. India listens, and white men there feel themselves at home while the music and illusion last.

Little lone ships in the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the wide North and South Atlantic, find London's melodies sounding clear and sweet from their receiving apparatus, and, indeed, London becomes a whispering gallery for half the world and more.

Well, on bonfire night, while 2 L O was broadcasting, there came an intermittent series of loud booms, which sounded as if the studio were collapsing under the influence of earth tremors. Hollow and reverberating, the reports had a perplexing and sinister import, and English listeners feared the worst.

The Mystery Explained

The shocks recurred for perhaps a quarter of an hour, every few minutes, and we were wondering how much of Savoy Hill in the Strand could be left standing. That the roadway without remained intact we were assured from the occasional blasts of taxicab horns.

At last the mystery was explained by the B.B.C. announcer. Some little London boys were celebrating the fifth of November, and were firing their big crackers outside 2 L O. Echoing and re-echoing through the building, the sounds were amplified before the electrical apparatus transmitted them into infinitude through the microphone.

Did those boys know that they were broadcasting as they detonated their fiery crackers? Perhaps not. At any rate, they achieved a record. They sent the sound of their little bombs through the ether of a great part of the world.

Their halfpenny crackers, exploded in the heart of London, sounded over Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand, and brought to straining ears of old sailors at sea memories of their boyhood days.

Continued from the previous column

house, noticing that no women or children were to be seen—always a bad sign—and that many of the tribe were in hiding. Mr. Hurley still thinks they would have been clubbed if they had gone on. They were glad to get back to their boat. By the side of the path were arrows turned point upward.

As they got on board the chief shouted contemptuously after them; but he bore them no ill-will for having refused, like the ducks in the nursery rhyme, to come and be killed, and came out next day in his canoe to see if he could not do a little more business with them.

RETURN OF A BEETLE

The Curse of Colorado

A GRIM COINCIDENCE

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the Colorado Potato Beetle was one of the bugbears of the English and European potato grower. It spread everywhere, and its dreaded form was pictured even in the pages of our friend Punch. It was subdued, and little about it has been heard this century. Now it has come back again.

After the war it was found in the potato fields of south-eastern France and from there it has invaded Germany, where the complaints about it are bitter. The German growers say the American troops brought it with them to Bordeaux, and it spread from there.

If so, it is rather a grim coincidence that the Hessian fly, which is one of the curses of agriculturists in America, was first taken there by the German Hessian troops of George the Third, who took it with the hay for their horses. It is not the only curse war leaves behind.

A BOTTLE CROSSES THE NORTH SEA

Great Voyages of Tiny Craft

Four hundred miles seems a long way for a corked bottle to float in the sea.

A Kentish man has just heard that a bottle he threw into the sea at Dungeness, with his name and address inside, was picked up off Fanoe Island, on the west Danish Coast, two months later.

But immensely longer voyages of the same kind are on record. Quite recently a bottle crossed the Atlantic, from America to South Devon. More wonderful still, a bottle found its way from Bering Strait, in the North Pacific, right across the Arctic Seas to the North Atlantic, south of Greenland. But that took 15 years.

Such experiments are of considerable value as marking the direction of ocean currents.

A GREAT LITTLE PEASANT

High Honour for a Son of the Soil

A simple Hungarian peasant, living in his cottage on his own small holding, has just died, and has received a full obituary notice in the columns of the world's greatest newspaper, far away from the country in which he laboured.

Stephen Szabo was sent to the Hungarian National Assembly as leader of a group of small peasant owners. When the Revolution came at the end of the war he joined Count Karolyi's Liberal Government, but retired when the Soviet was established. When the Bolsheviks were overthrown he became a member of further successive Governments, chiefly as Minister of Agriculture.

He only retired a few weeks ago, and now he has died, after a life which proved once more how a simple man may rise to great power in the world.

WIRELESS SWITCHES ON

Tipton Leads the Way

In the last month at Wembley a wireless wave from Manchester started and stopped a 500 h.p. electric lighting set, and in recording this in the C.N. we pointed out that such sets were used for electric-light installations in towns.

In the town of Tipton, in Indiana, which is not a very large town but is electrically lighted, the switches are now controlled wirelessly from the larger towns between five and ten miles away, which supply it with electricity.

A wireless wave operates a switch which controls the alternative supply of electricity from either centre to Tipton, and in the event of failure or shortage of current from one town can connect Tipton up with the others. Wireless waves can open or shut all the switches which control the street lighting.

MUSEUM HUNTER'S TRAGIC DOOM

Slain by a Lion

DEVOTION OF A DAUGHTER

Another of the daring little band of hunters who pursue game in Africa, not for the sport of killing but to add specimens of rare wild animals to the collections of museums, has been killed in Uganda by a lion.

This was Mr. B. P. de Watteville, the collector for the Berne Museum. He had been out in East Central Africa, in Uganda and the Congo for the last sixteen months with his daughter.

When the lion sprang on him his daughter was with him. She saw her father in the grip of the terrible king of beasts, yet she stood there, and when the lion left him, after mauling him terribly, this courageous girl nursed the wounded man through thirty hours of agony until he passed away. The native porters, who had been helpless to avert the calamity, carried Miss Watteville back to civilisation, tending her devotedly.

The lives of these hunter-collectors is a very hazardous one. Twice Mr. Akcey, the American museum hunter, has been at death's door from attacks by elephants or lions; Mr. Mayer, who collects for Australia, has been severely wounded; and Mr. Christie, who has searched Central Africa for the British Museum, has had several narrow escapes.

BOY EMPEROR OF OLD CHINA

Pathetic Figure of a Great Empire

Hsuan Tung, the Emperor who came to the uneasy throne of old China when he was a child too young to understand the honour and the perils of the crown put on his head, has been deposed.

He was the tenth Emperor of the ancient Manchu line, but the power of that historic dynasty faded when the masterful old Dowager Empress died; so that when, as a child of two, he was put on the Manchu throne in 1908, it was as the puppet of more powerful people.

The Empress Dowager died when he was only eight, and thereafter the Dictator, Yuan-Shih-Kai, aimed at becoming Emperor.

Since then Hsuan Tung has been Emperor only on sufferance. He has lost his rank, his palaces, much of his riches, but it may be hoped that he has found his freedom, for as he said on leaving the palace, he has only been a prisoner there.

A SURPRISE FOR A VILLAGE

Warm Water from the Earth

On the edge of Windsor Great Park lies the village of Stroud, and Stroud now has a geyser.

Its career began in a most unexpected way. In the grounds of the Holloway Sanatorium near by engineers have been sinking a deep boring for water for some time past. The boring had just reached the greensand at 1400 feet when it struck a spring. Immediately water rushed up the 15 inch bore and shot into the air in a column 100 feet high. It was warm water. Not hot enough for a bath, for it was only 70 degrees, but warm enough to give the outburst all the appearance of a wild geyser.

It rushed down to the village of Stroud in a steaming stream, which brought the villagers to their doors, and the better part of a day was taken by the workmen in taming it. Now the outflow is capped; and the water is welling up cold. But it is a genuine geyser, and is supplying all the water the sanatorium wants.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Guiana	Ge-ah-nah
Jaguar	Jahg-war
Papua	Pah-poo-ah
Sarcophagus	Sar-kof-ah-gus
Tuberculosis	Tu-ber-ku-lo-sis

A COW'S QUEST OF ITS LITTLE ONE

LOVE IN THE WILDS

The Mystery of a Mother Seeking Among the Flocks

HOW DO THEY KNOW?

By Our Natural Historian

A Northamptonshire cow has just furnished a new example of that extraordinary gift of animals for finding their way unguided when impelled by love of home, or that even stronger emotion, love of kind.

Sold at Northampton cattle market and separated from her calf, she was taken to the village of Holcot, ten miles away, and secured in a remote field. During the night she broke from the meadow, passed through other fields where herds of cattle were grazing, gained the high road, and walked the ten miles back to Northampton, seeking the calf which was not there.

Every Mother Knows Her Own Child

We know that animals often perform marvels of this kind. Indeed, not long ago a cow returned several miles to its old home, though blindfolded—but we cannot say *how* they do it. Civilised man has lost the instinct for such feats, though savages retain something of it.

There is a kindred wonder in the way animals and birds, when at last they regain their homes, identify their young. Seals and penguins return from food-hunting at sea through writhing swarms of young, to their own; rooks alight infallibly beside the gaping beaks of their little ones in the most crowded rookeries, as pigeons return a thousand miles to their lofts and homes.

We see a similar thing every lambing season among the sheep. Lambs, indistinguishable from one another to the shepherds, are unfailingly picked out by their mothers—by smell! A ewe will drive off a lamb not her own, will even butt it to death, though in some maternal yearning is so powerful that occasionally they adopt an orphaned waif.

Cheering a Mourning Ewe

When they will not, and an intractable mother who has lost her own lamb refuses to accept a strange one, the shepherd skins her dead offspring and places the fleece upon the one he brings to replace it to cheer the mourning ewe.

The fantastic appearance of the poor lamb does not affect the mother sheep; she recognises the smell of her own child in the fleece, and adopts its wearer.

On a Sussex estate not long ago a valuable ewe was so ill that her lamb had to be turned adrift at birth and be fed by hand, while for several days and nights the mother was nursed by the kind and skilful shepherd. She recovered, her milk flowed freely, but there was no lamb to console her.

"And there will be trouble," said the shepherd, "for I have completely lost her lamb among all the others."

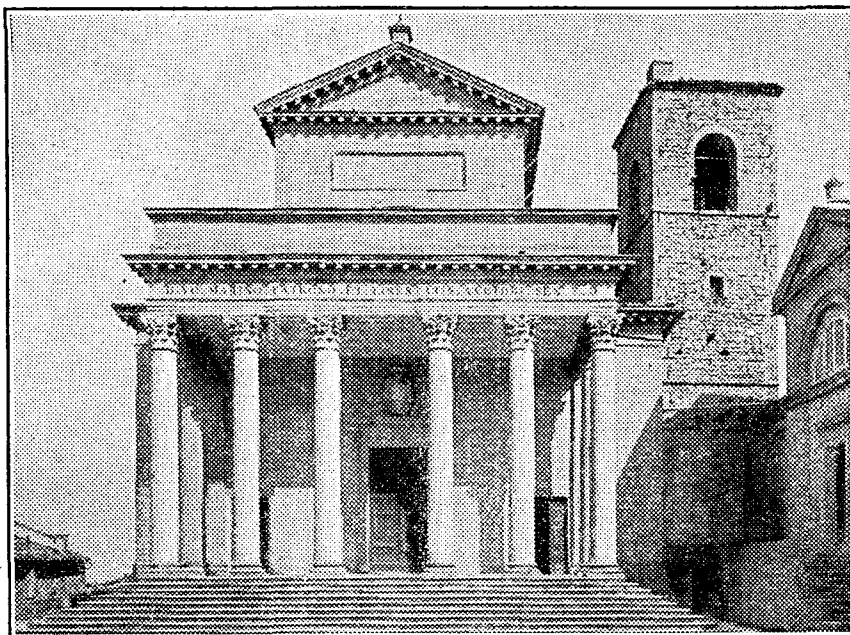
Claiming the Lost Lamb

The convalescent solved the problem. She marched out to the flock in a far field, smelled here and there, and then joyously claimed a lamb, which greeted her delightedly. A careful examination showed that all the ewes in the flock had their lambs; this ailing mother had found her own!

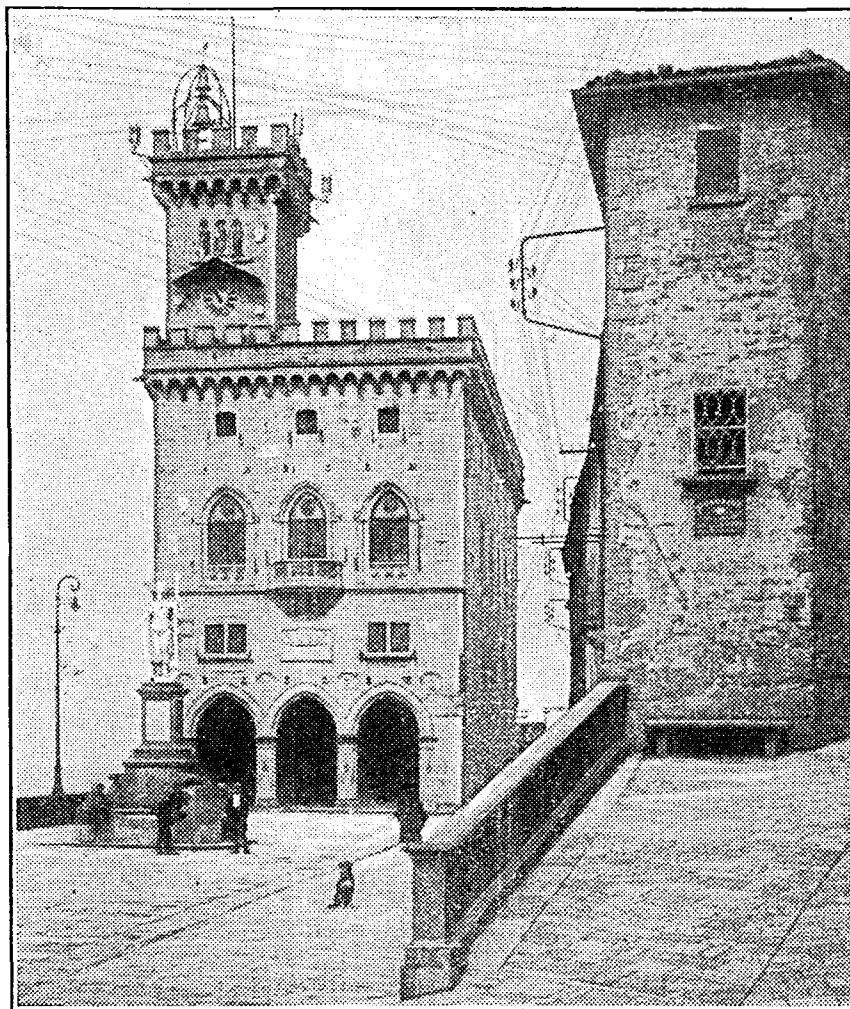
That seems a happier form of mother instinct than is revealed by the elephant, which, ordinarily so very wise, turns on its calf if the little one strays far away, and upon its return will not accept it.

Yet we never hear of baby elephants being found astray and isolated in India or Africa. Probably hungry lions, tigers, and leopards know the reason why. E.A.B.

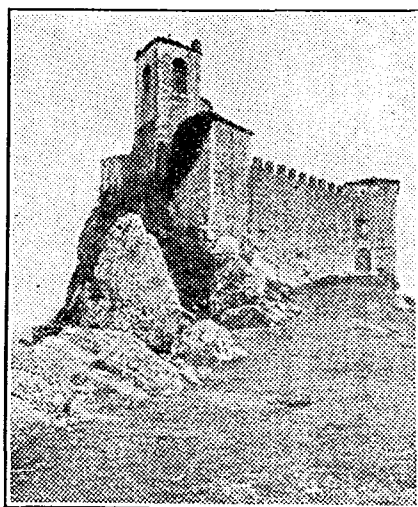
THE LITTLE LAND OF EUROPE



The Cathedral, built in imitation of the Madeleine at Paris



The Palace, or Government headquarters, and the Statue of Liberty



The fortress built in the Middle Ages, now a prison



One of the gates into the City of San Marino

The little Republic of San Marino, away up in the Apennines, is the smallest independent State in Europe, and America has just recognised its status by allowing six of its citizens to enter the United States as an independent quota, such as that granted to other European countries. The Statue of Liberty stands on the only level spot in San Marino

100 MILLION POUNDS A YEAR

More Wages for Healthy People

REDUCE DISEASE AND INCREASE EARNING POWER

We are so proud of the great reduction of the death-rate by more than half during the past fifty years that we are apt to forget how much more remains to be done before we can consider ourselves a really healthy nation.

Tuberculosis, for instance, has been halved: why should it not be driven away altogether? We know how it is caused, how it can be prevented, and how, if taken early, it can be cured.

Sir William Milligan, the great Manchester doctor, has been giving some figures showing that that would add nearly a hundred million pounds a year to the earning power of our people, five millions of which would go to the Treasury in taxes.

Tuberculosis is still shockingly prevalent in particular trades, like the boot and shoe trade, 50 per cent of the people dying of it up to the age of 45. Why not tackle these trades at once, asks Sir William, and put things right?

Life More Strenuous

With our advancing civilisation life becomes more strenuous and nerve racking; better brains are required and they are harder worked; so that less instead of more attention is paid to the physical needs of our bodies. This has produced a whole new class of ailments which proper attention would prevent.

The National Insurance Act has done much by getting people early advice on their ailments before they have got a firm hold, but Sir William Milligan says it should be extended to "embrace some system of periodical examination of every adult male and female, even when apparently healthy, once every two or three years."

RELICS OF A VANISHED CIVILISATION

Treasures Found in Old Tombs RICH CARPETS AND RARE EMBROIDERIES

Another fine piece of history has been dug out of the earth. There seems to be no limit to these fascinating tales of the buried Past.

The excavator this time is Colonel Kozloff, who is leading an exploring party in outer Mongolia, where in the Kentei districts he has found relics of a lost civilisation.

In the heart of a most beautiful landscape, where forest-clad mountains drop down to deep gorges and rise again, Colonel Kozloff discovered three groups of tombs. Some of them contained the remains of Chinese princes or emperors, some were the burial-places of ordinary people.

The excavators dug down about forty feet below the mounds and found these amazing houses of the dead—little wooden places protected with two or three ceilings from the upper world, with passages winding round and away from the central sarcophagus chamber. The walls of the sacred room are hung with embroideries, the columns in the passages draped with silk.

Objects of most extraordinary beauty have been found in these burial chambers. There are carpets of a strange and rich design, showing mammoths, stags, lynxes, and animals from mythological story; rare embroideries in which are stitched ancient Chinese characters, bronze statuettes, precious stones, a large wooden figure of a stag with metal horns, and, strangest and most human of all, long plaits of black hair in silken sheaths.

How long has Time rolled on since these treasures were so carefully buried? Of what mysterious rites may they be the symbol? See World Map

FRANCE HAS WORK FOR A MILLION MEN BRITAIN HAS A MILLION MEN IDLE

**Why Not Apply the Wisdom of
War to the Problems of Peace?**

WHY THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE

While we in Britain are suffering so severely from unemployment that there are still over 1,200,000 idle people France cannot find enough workmen!

This has led to a large employment of foreign workmen. Over 180,000 foreign workmen immigrated into France in 1922; in 1923 the number rose to 262,877. In the first six months of this year 121,393 foreign workmen went in; and now, in spite of this great influx of workers, French industry is said to be still short of 1,200,000 workmen. What a pity we cannot lend her our 1,200,000! When France had need of a million men in war we sent them over at once; is there no way of being as wise in peace as in war?

Problems of Two Countries

The competition for foreign workers in France is reported to be keen, and this leads to employers poaching on each other. Recently a colliery company obtained damages from another employer for inducing their foreign workmen to leave them after they had gone to the expense of bringing them into the country.

It is indeed a remarkable fact that, six years after the end of the World War, we find France short of as many workers as we have workers too many.

It is important to understand why there should be this strange difference in the position of the two countries.

Britain was specially hit by the war because we are more dependent on overseas trade than France or any other country. When the war was over we found ourselves handicapped by a smaller demand for British shipping services, for British ships, for British coal, and for British manufactured goods.

France was in an entirely different economic position. She was not an exporter of coal or ships; she did not largely depend on shipping for a livelihood; she was not a great exporter of manufactures. France was hit on her own soil in the devastation of her mines, factories, and homes.

Strengthened by Adversity

At the end of the war, therefore, France had to set to work to restore her devastated territory, and in the past six years she has been occupied in doing this. The work is largely completed, and its accomplishment has given a great stimulus to French industry.

A new industrial France has arisen as a consequence of the war. Economically our neighbour has been stimulated and strengthened by adversity. The same cannot be said of our own country, unfortunately, and the fact is most acutely illustrated by our terrible unemployment problem.

We should like to write up this contrast in the House of Commons:

**Britain has 1,200,000 Workers Unemployed
France has 1,200,000 Workers Wanted**

What we need to do is to apply a special stimulus to our work. We need the spirit of resolution which stirred us to act ten years ago. There is no real practical reason why this problem should not be solved, as the more desperate problem was solved then, except this—that the whole nation is not determined to solve it.

Everybody agrees that we ought to devote ourselves vigorously to electrical reform, transport reform, and housing reform. If we did this our unemployed would be naturally absorbed by the big contracts which would be put in hand. France has been forced by necessity to act, and it is for us to see that we, too, have great needs which should move us to action.

TWO ADVENTURERS 9000 Miles Across Africa POWER FOUND ON THE WAY

Even in these days of transport marvels, a journey of nearly 9000 miles across Africa, from the Sudan to the Ivory Coast, is no mean undertaking, especially when the travellers propose to use an ordinary car without caterpillar wheels.

But two Frenchmen, M. Tranin and M. Duverene, have just embarked at Bordeaux for North Africa, taking with them their car and a special apparatus which will enable them to extract whatever petrol and lubricators they need from the vegetable and mineral oils they will find on the journey.

Fuel for the engine, grease for the axles and pistons, train-oil for the lamps if the electric accumulators should fail,—all these they hope to find on the way, as well as their food supplies.

CAPTURED BY BLACKS

Story of Australia's Northern Territory

Desperate efforts are being made in Australia to rescue a white woman and her daughter who have been for some time captives of Arnhem Land blacks in the Northern Territory.

These women are the sole survivors of the ill-fated steamer Douglas Mawson, which was wrecked in the Gulf of Carpentaria eighteen months ago.

The story was first told by a number of blacks who had mingled with the natives said to be holding the women. It is said that they attempted to escape once by hailing a passing steamer, but were prevented by their captors, who threatened to slay them. A rescue ship bearing seventeen armed men and six black trackers is somewhere in the neighbourhood of the spot where the women are held captive, and a small party is also travelling overland on a similar expedition.

FIRST GALES OF WINTER

100-Ton Crane Blown Into the Thames

A MAN'S ADVENTURE

After an October of exceptional mildness, Father Aeolus, "who keeps the four winds in a bag at the back of the North Pole," begins to get impatient, and anxious to be up and doing.

But he need not have played such a mischievous prank as he did when he blew a steam crane weighing 100 tons full speed along the rails on a Greenwich jetty, full tilt into another crane, and into the river.

The driver of the crane was on duty at the top of it, 60 feet up in the air, and was shot like a stone from a sling into the icy water; but a boat rescued him, and after a little time in hospital he is recovering, to tell a tale of what must surely be a unique adventure.

LABOUR'S WOMAN M.P.

One Replaces Three

In the last Parliament there were eight women, and three of them belonged to the Labour Party. Now the three have lost their seats, and their place has been taken by a little lady, five feet high, with large brown eyes and masses of red hair, known in Middlesbrough as "the Little Lass."

Her name is Ellen Wilkinson, and she has not been in Parliament before, though she had tried hard once or twice. This time she wrested East Middlesbrough from a popular soldier, who had no idea that he would be beaten by such an unknown force.

Miss Wilkinson studied at Manchester University, where she took the degree of Master of Arts.

THE CRICKETERS OF COOLGARDIE

HOW THEY GOT THE PITCH

**Troubles of a Land of Gold and
No Water**

TAKING A RIVER UP THE HILLS

As our chosen cricketers are in Australia hoping to win back for England the honours our doughty kinsmen have won at our expense, there is nothing surprising, at first sight, in the fact that they have played a match in the Coolgardie goldfields against the local cricketers of Kalgoorlie.

Yet it brings home to us the fact that a great marvel has been wrought at this famous mining town. For Kalgoorlie comes of age this year as the possessor of a public water supply, and has celebrated the occasion by bringing turf a distance of 460 miles, to be watered by a stream carried 360 miles, so that cricket may be played in the heart of a desert.

Marching Over a Goldfield

Thirty years ago Kalgoorlie and the surrounding country were unknown; the land was uninhabited wilderness. Explorers marched over it perishing of thirst, ignorant that beneath their feet lay one of the richest goldfields in the whole world.

They sought routes and water, and found the route but not the water; but later research revealed precious gold, of which 200 tons were brought to light within a short time of settlement.

A great community of miners and traders sprang up in Coolgardie, but in this home of gold there was one thing absent. There was no water, no vegetation but that of the desert. The only water they could get had to be obtained from artesian wells, and this was so highly mineralised that it had to be condensed and purified, and so was sold at £2 a ton, a ton being less than an ordinary watering-cart distributes in our streets in half an hour.

Capturing a River

The scene was changed by engineers who chained the river Helena, whose bed is 350 miles away. It runs 23 miles from Perth to Mundaring, where it has been harnessed.

Here it was dammed by a concrete weir rising 100 feet above the river bed, 700 feet long and 15 feet wide at the top, and 85 feet wide at the base. The dam affects the river greatly for seven or eight miles above the structure, so that its waters pile up high, with the result that the water above the 20-foot level serves to yield a supply of 4600 million gallons from which to draw.

Now the Helena is at this point 320 feet above sea-level, but Coolgardie, to which it has to be forced, is nearly a thousand feet higher. Eight pumping stations were therefore erected along the route, along which are laid great 30-inch pipes, through which the river is conducted.

The Great Pipe-Line

The pipes were made and laid, the pumping stations were made and set to work, each of them capable of pumping nearly three million gallons of water in a day. The entire work cost as much as a pre-war battleship, but it was well and truly done, and 21 years ago Sir John Forrest turned a tap and the river flowed into the desert.

The pipe-line river has altered everything. The miner no longer has to trust to the wind to blow the rubbish from his grains of gold; he washes the dross from the ore. Now Coolgardie has gardens and greenery. It has imported turf from places nearly 500 miles away.

The turf so brought has been used to make a ground for cricket, the dearest recreation of every athletic Australian; and it is on this turf wicket that our M.C.C. team has now been playing.

AN EMPEROR'S JEWELS

Royal Heirlooms in Pawn A POSTSCRIPT TO THE WAR

Did ever before the representative of a great Royal House bring an action against a foreign pawnbroker for the surrender of the Crown jewels?

That is what the ex-Empress Zita of Austria has been doing in Madrid. When she and the late Emperor Carl fled to Switzerland at the close of the war Carl took with him Crown jewels to the value of millions of pounds.

That should have made a comfortable nest egg for the exiles, but in the Emperor's absence one of his adherents pledged them for £80,000.

Now the most important of them have been traced to the possession of a famous jewel broker in Madrid, and the ex-Empress is suing for their return.

Among the jewels are the Austrian Imperial crown, ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and rubies, with the finest sapphire in existence at the top; a collar and pendant and other insignia worn by the emperors as Grand Masters of the Order of the Golden Fleece, said to be worth a million pounds alone, the collar studded with "diamonds and rubies of great size"; and finally the Hapsburg Opal, worth £200,000, called the Cursed Opal from its tragic history. (No great House ever suffered so many tragedies as the Hapsburgs.)

And is it not a tragedy in itself that such things should be of such value to any human soul?

CRIME IN INDIA

Important Step Taken

Many leaders of the Indian movement for Home Rule are coming to realise the uselessness of asking for the withdrawal of British control so long as only soldiers can keep Hindus and Mohammedans from fighting each other.

Yet Swarajist extremists are still trying to get their way by campaigns of murder and outrage, and even those who do not approve of crime praise the good motives of political assassins and are more horrified at the execution of murderers than at the murders themselves.

When public opinion in a country does not condemn crime trial by jury breaks down. That is why the Indian Government has given special powers to the Governor of Bengal to deal with criminal conspiracy. A great number of people have been arrested under these new powers, including the head of the Calcutta Corporation Staff and two members of the Bengal Legislative Council.

The new law does not create any fresh offences, but only gives new powers of dealing with old ones. People charged with criminal conspiracy will be tried by a special legal commission without a jury, but they will have the right of appeal to the Bengal High Court.

WOMAN RULES A STATE

A Blow to the Ku Klux Klan

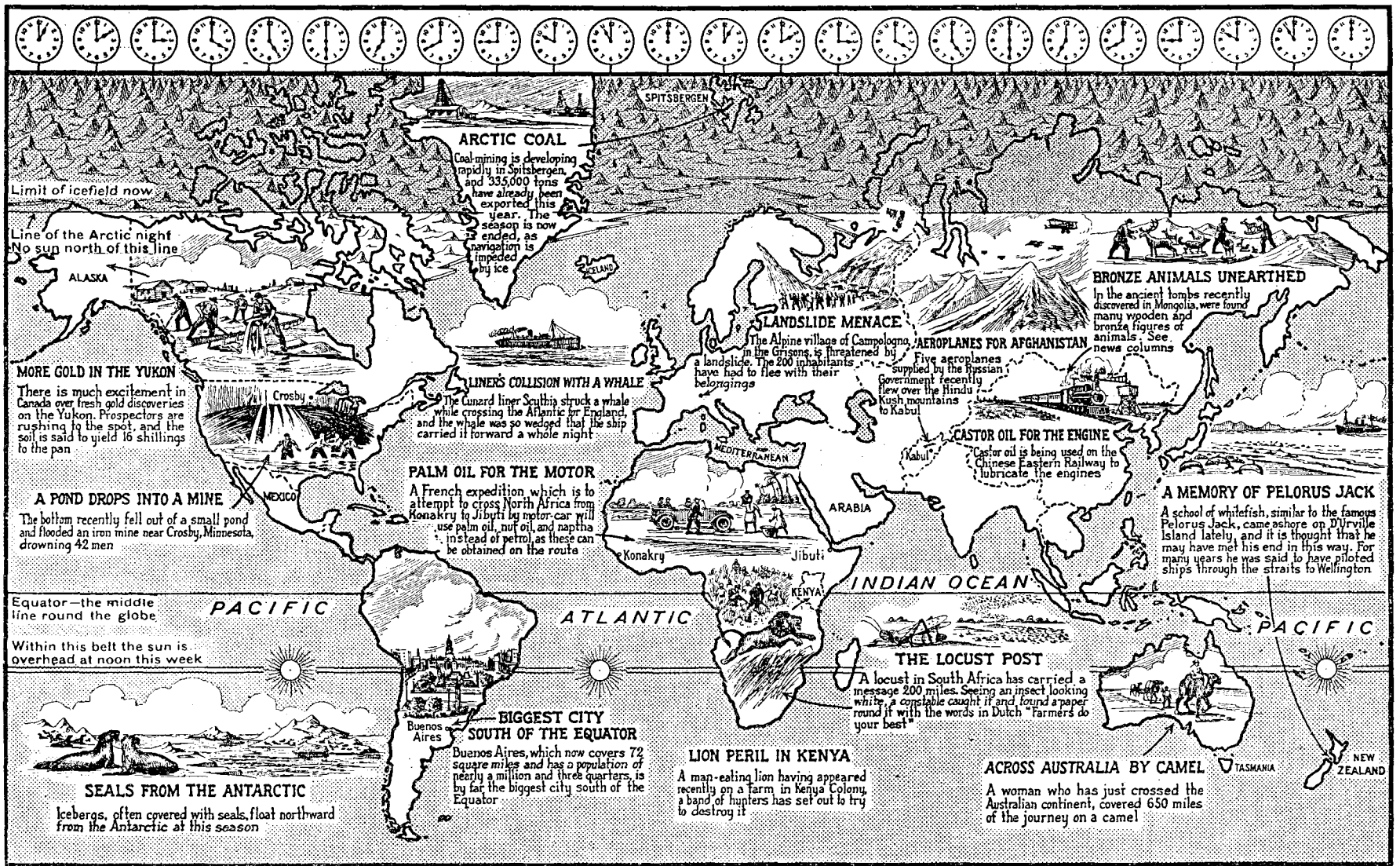
The American electors have created a new record in the movement for the political equality of women with men. For the first time a State of the Union has a woman Governor.

Mrs. Miriam Amanda Fergusson is now Governor of the State of Texas, covering an area equal to that of France and Germany combined. The States of America enjoy a large degree of independence inside the Union, and their Governors have a great deal of power quite independent of the State legislatures.

On account of her initials, Mrs. Fergusson figured throughout the elections as "Ma Fergusson," and the slogan "Me for Ma," invented by a college student, has been the battle cry of her supporters.

"Ma Fergusson" is the wife of a former Governor of Texas, who tried to stem the violent and law-breaking methods of the secret society known as the Ku Klux Klan.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



LOST SHIPS

New Way of Finding Where They Are

Two interesting things about wireless have lately been announced.

One is the great success that has attended the use of the first wireless beacon, set up at Nash Point, between Swansea and Cardiff, on account of the difficulties of providing suitable direction-finding apparatus in the Bristol Channel.

Operated by means of an oil engine, this beacon automatically sends out its call signal of G K D all day and night on a wave-length of a thousand metres. The signal is of the beam variety, travelling in a fixed direction, and it enables ships at night or in foggy weather to locate their position with wonderful accuracy. A ship fitted with a direction-finder can get its bearings from this beacon 50 miles away.

A new use for wireless has been found in whaling operations. The Sir James Clark Ross, which has sailed from Cardiff for the Ross Sea, has taken with her five sets of direction-finding apparatus for her small boats. It often happens that these boats when whaling are overtaken by fog or darkness, and with the wireless apparatus the parent ship will be able to send telephone messages and to direct them when lost.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

1664 edition of Shakespeare . . .	£1610
A 16-page book of epigrams . . .	£920
A tract by William Basse . . .	£200
A drawing by David Cox . . .	£105
A silk tomb-cover, 1700 . . .	£105
An Empire rosewood inkstand . . .	£94
A Hepplewhite bookcase . . .	£58
An Adam bookcase . . .	£58
George I silver pepper-pot . . .	£35

THE JEWEL TOWER

Restoring an Ancient Treasure House in London

The builders are busy at work restoring the ancient Jewel Tower of Westminster, which lies to the south of the Chapter House in Old Palace Yard.

With its dark and venerable vaults, its doors of stout English oak clamped with iron bands, this treasure-house stands much as it stood in the days of Richard II, when it was first built. But that powerful foe of great buildings, the death beetle, has been at work among the massive timbers of the roof so that they are almost eaten away, and the alterations which have been made in the structure throughout the ages have weakened and cracked the walls.

Long ago much of the King's coin and plate was stored in the Jewel Tower. To this day, that part of the vaults which was once a kitchen is used for the testing of the official weights and measures, and for other important operations about which the general public knows little. The good masons and woodworkers and joiners and smiths who built the King's Treasury 550 years ago did their work well, and have left behind them a splendid memorial to English solidity and craftsmanship, which still finds a useful place in the daily life of the nation.

NIAGARA TO LIGHT ITSELF

A Great Spectacle

What will surely be one of the most wonderful sights in the world will be seen when the mighty waterfalls of Niagara are lighted up at night by electricity. This is being done.

Needless to say, the power for the illumination will be generated by the falls themselves. The United States Government has agreed to pay one-third of the cost of this project, which is to be put in hand at once.

LITTLE MOTHER HEART

Life as it is in a Slum

Nothing is more beautiful than the devotion found often in the poorest slums.

Take the case of 11-year-old Lilian Powell, whose mother was found by the police lying senselessly drunk on the only bed the family had. The father was in hospital, and while the mother drank Lilian looked after three little brothers and a sister, with the aid of the few shillings contributed by an elder brother.

Day after day, while her mother lay drunk, Lilian looked after the children, prepared their meals, and sent them off to school. She then busied herself washing their clothes, trying to bring a little order and neatness into the tiny home, and got a sort of dinner ready for the mites when they came home.

Where did the child learn such a noble standard of duty? Not from the examples around her. If she had done nothing it would have been easy to understand, but that she did so much, without any thought of praise or reward, shows that there was nobility, bravery, gentleness, and firm resolution packed tight in her little lion heart.

It would be well if some of those who are comfortable and warm at their firesides would read and ponder over the story of Lilian Powell.

A STEAMER'S PLIGHT

Held Up by a Dead Whale

A steamer on its way to Sydney, Australia, has had an odd experience. It ran into a dead whale ninety feet long.

The bows of the ship became embedded in the huge bulk, and it was two days before the carcass could be removed. Meanwhile the vessel was forced to steam at half speed, carrying before it the giant whale. Finally she was hove-to, and then went full speed astern. By this means the encumbrance was dropped.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

Mr. Baldwin's Second Cabinet
MR. CHURCHILL AS CHANCELLOR

We have had many changes of Government in Britain lately, but everybody expects that the new Government of Mr. Baldwin will last some years.

Mr. Baldwin had a difficult task in making his new Cabinet, but the general opinion is that he has done it very well.

He has made Mr. Winston Churchill Chancellor of the Exchequer, and public opinion generally approves his choice. There are posts in which Mr. Churchill's impulsiveness might have been dangerous; but he inherits from his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, a strong belief in economy, and he has the necessary force of character to insist on economy in the Government departments. And that means lessened taxation for us all.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain becomes Mr. Baldwin's principal lieutenant as deputy leader of the House—a step which gives the greatest emphasis to the reunion of the party. Lord Birkenhead has become Secretary for India; Lord Cave, who was Lord Chancellor in the first Baldwin Government, returns to that post again.

Lord Curzon is President of the Privy Council instead of Foreign Secretary, the Foreign Office being in charge of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. This appointment meets with general approval, for Mr. Chamberlain has many important qualifications for the work. He is cautious and conciliatory, and has a wide knowledge of affairs.

There has been no difficulty in the circumstances in filling the remaining offices with men of tried experience, and the new Government starts under good auspices.

THE WHISTLES

American railwaymen estimate that every time the whistles on their locomotives sound the steam produced by two pounds of coal is used up. The total cost must be tremendous, with 60,000 locomotives whistling many times a day.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 22 1924

Stop

A GREAT change is coming over one of our days. Sunday is less and less a day of rest. And yet this quiet day has been one of the greatest assets of our English-speaking peoples. It has been as if, once every week, a voice has said to this busy nation, *Stop!*

When we come to a level-crossing, where the railway runs over the road, we are told to Stop, Look, and Listen. But this is not the only place in our journey through life when we must stop, and Sunday has been a timely reminder for us all of the things that are more than money.

We shall go quicker in the end if we stop at times to look and listen. We have been swimming with a certain stroke for years, yet if we stopped and learned from someone we might make every one of our strokes ten times more effective. So we might lose a little now, but we should be gaining speed for the rest of our days.

Or we have got into a certain style of batting at cricket, and we go on from season to season, not stopping to learn. That neat batsman we loved to call Ranji when he came to Cambridge was a good cricketer, but he was willing to unlearn and correct his faults. He stopped and listened. And long afterwards bowlers and fielders would spend days in the field while he made centuries.

If we stop we can look; if we look we can see. One of the secrets of life is to open your eyes and see. Millions never do. They never see the wonderful and lovely sights in forest and field, on the streets and on the roads, because they go through the world as if they were blind, seeing next to nothing.

And we must listen, too. It does not matter of what voice we are thinking. The music of the world or the still small Voice of God can only be heard by those who listen. If we are always talking we cannot hope to hear what others are saying. There was once a teacher who said:

I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me.

That teacher wished to hear, so he took himself in his thoughts to a quiet place with a wide view, and there he watched and listened; and at last the answer came. It is easier to go on speaking than to listen. But if we are to learn by what others have known, and above all if we are to hear the voice of wisdom, we shall have to halt.

That is one reason why people value the one day in the week which is different from the others. It is good on one day to stop, and then to look and listen; and they who do this tell us that they hear glorious voices and see wonderful visions. We believe them, for we have tried it, too.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Ugliest Things

SOME people have been discussing what are the ugliest things in London. We vote for Queen Anne's Mansions and Charing Cross Railway Bridge.

When Giants Went Carting

WE love the hills we were born near, perhaps more than anything else in our native place. English poetry is full of hills.

The Mendips are not behind other ranges in their lovers. Just now all Mendipians are interested in the discovery that *men* is a Celtic word for cart, and *dip* means to tilt. Long, long ago some islander pointed out to his fellows that these hills look like a succession of heaps of earth tilted from the back of a giant's cart. So the range got its title and kept it for centuries to surprise us (foreigners that we are in our own land) with its meaning today.

The Eve of Winter

It is not only in the towns that life is entertaining. There is no life anywhere like a country life if we know how to live. A correspondent who has left the town to live up in the Lake District sends us this note.

AUTUMN in Lakeland reminds me of autumn in Norway. There is the same richness of colour, the same clear sky, the same shadowy presence of winter, waiting to cover the mountains with snow and cut off tiny villages from their neighbours.

In Norway they will be hastening to bring in the scanty grass crops from the patches under the cliffs of the fords; in Lakeland they are thinking of the sheep. Down from the mountains come the sturdy Herdwick flocks. One farmer I know of is sending his prize sheep forty miles away for the winter!

High up in a Lakeland valley I found a stream dancing its way through a pine wood. Far below was the gleam of a lake. All around was the music of waterfalls.

And, like the waterfalls of the fords, they seemed to say: "Winter may come and go, but we are ageless."

Fifty Years Ago

WE are still talking of housing. So they were fifty years ago. We read in a life of Queen Victoria that in 1873 the Queen's labourers at Osborne sent a round robin asking for more wages. They were getting 14s. a week and working from sixty to seventy hours a week. They asked also to leave off at four on Saturdays, and to have sixpence an hour over-time. We read that the Queen sent no answer to the letter, but the men were called before the steward and the ring-leaders dismissed.

It is odd to go back through even a few years of history and we rub our eyes to see if we can really believe them.

Made for Cheerfulness

A MAN of science announced the other day that sixty-five muscles must move before a man can frown, while only thirteen are needed to produce a smile.

It seems as if human beings, like birds and flowers, are made for brightness, are, in fact, specially designed to decorate the world with cheerfulness as the buttercups to embroider it with gold.

Remember next time you are going to make the tremendous effort of frowning that a scowl on the human face is as unnatural as a toadstool on a rose-bush. Nature punishes what is unnatural. In body and soul the frowner grows wrinkled before his time.

Tip-Cat

NATURE, we are told, was made to wash. Lately it has not had good weather for drying.

THE real beauty of the country lies in the byways. That is, after the fall of the year.

AMERICANS are said to get hysterical over puzzles. How can they get every piece in its place if they do not have a fit?



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If draught-board
men ever catch cold

A SOCIETY lady says she envies nobody. All the same, she prefers to be somebody.

IT is said of a famous footballer that his brains are in his boots. A tribute to his understanding.

THERE are nearly half a million telephones in the metropolitan area.

No wonder so many hear the call of the town.

IT is now considered beautiful to have freckles. Wherever they are it is a sign that beauty is on the spot.

A FARMER was seen at a recent Dairy Show in fawn spats. He had come to exhibit his calves.

When the Sphinx Spoke

SILENCE is not always wisdom. Looking into a book of talk by one of our poets the other day, we came across this story.

I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him very intelligent.

At length, towards the end of dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with:

Them's the jockies for me!

So it is that silence may be no more profound than noise.

Little Brothers of the Tramp

IN one of the loveliest spots in Dorset, amid the Batcombe Hills, three miles from Evershot Station, the Brothers of St. Francis live and labour for the tramps of England.

This Home of St. Francis is a real home for down-and-out wayfarers, and the block of buildings, originally a Borstal Institution, is perfectly adapted for its present use.

Brother Douglas, the Warden, is assisted by two lay Brothers who serve as secretary and housekeeper. A market garden of about five acres, and an 80-acre farm, provide work for the wayfarers who are sheltered and cared for by these followers of St. Francis of Assisi, and it is hoped soon to introduce printing, woodcarving, and basket-making as additional occupations.

The Men on the Road

The Brothers work with the tramps and share their lot in every way. One of the most interesting and fruitful of their activities has, we think, not yet been made public. Occasional missions are undertaken, two Brothers going out to share for perhaps a fortnight the lives of the men on the road.

During the week of the writer's visit to the community, two of these missionaries were on the tramp—an Oxford undergraduate and a tramp brother who had received training in the home. They carry with them on their journeys supplies of simple remedies such as ointment, iodine, and lint. They tramp from town to town with their unfortunate brothers, spend the nights with them in the casual wards, and by kindly word and helpful deed bring to them the gospel of human brotherhood.

After the Day's Work

Cheerfulness and fun are characteristics of the followers of St. Francis. Was not one of them rebuked ages since for singing as he died! After the day's work is done all find their way to the recreation-room, and here is a typical evening in this room. Brother Douglas at the piano accompanying a tramp brother fiddler. At the billiard-table and card tables are seen an Oxford undergraduate, a Primitive Methodist visitor, two Brothers, and some tramps. Just before ten a hymn is sung, followed by a short talk by one of the resident Brothers or one of the visitors; then follow prayers and "lights out."

Mr. Laurence Housman, in his Life of St. Francis, says: "The Franciscan ideal is with us still; it is only 700 years old, and the end is not yet." It is true: the end is not yet.

Riches

Garner all your memories,
Sift the chaff and store the grain,
Weary years may bud and fall
Ere your fields are gold again.
Pleasure's famine cannot harm
One who walks foresighted ways,
With a quiet granary
Full of happy yesterdays.

QUIETEST MAN IN AMERICA

HIS GREAT TRIUMPH President Coolidge and What His Victory Means WORLD COOPERATION OUTSIDE THE LEAGUE

By Our America Correspondent

The American people have given President Coolidge the greatest majority ever reached at an election. The President has beaten Mr. J. W. Davis, by nearly nine million votes. His total of over 18 millions is about five millions more than the combined votes for Mr. Davis, the Democrat, and Mr. La Follette, the Progressive, who polled about four millions.

The voting is by States, and the States are represented by presidential electors in the Electoral College. The successful candidate, therefore, has to win enough States to give him a clear majority in the College. It would not have done, for example, for Mr. Coolidge to have gained States in the East by large majorities, if Mr. La Follette had won a number of States in the West.

The Two-Party System

But, as it is, the Coolidge majority in the country was so enormous that it gave the President many more votes than he needed in the Electoral College.

What are the reasons for this wonderful victory for the Republican President? They are the same kind of reasons which led to the great Conservative victory in England. The American people do not wish to see the two-party system changed. They believe that the growth of a Radical Party under Senator La Follette would be a danger to American prosperity and to the country's institutions. Mr. Davis, the Democrat, was an attractive candidate and made fine speeches, but he was strong only in the South, which always votes Democratic.

Safe and Steady Government

Mr. Coolidge is the trusted representative of the great business community, and he has gained the confidence of the great army of women citizens. The great mass of the American people, like ours, are asking for safe and steady government, and they are just as strongly opposed to Bolshevik ideas as ours are.

Mr. Coolidge is quiet, careful, and shrewd; safe and sane. It is interesting to note that he should have gained so powerful a position in a country like America, where politics and publicity are said to go together. Mr. Coolidge is the quietest man in America.

What will his victory mean to Europe and the world? Mr. Coolidge's term as President will last till March, 1929, and his personal authority is so great that he need not trouble about doing things for the sake of pleasing the Republican Party.

A Conference on Disarmament

The United States will not join the League of Nations. Mr. Coolidge has said that for the American people this is a closed issue. The President is in favour of an international conference on Disarmament, and if the conference decided upon at Geneva should be held next year there is no doubt America would take part.

The American Government will co-operate more and more with European Governments, often through the branches of the League of Nations. The present plan of treating the German Reparations is called the Dawes plan, after the American member of the committee which worked it out; and Mr. Dawes is now Vice-President of the United States. His presence in Washington, in this important post, is a sign that though America may be outside the League, she is ready to work with the nations that form the League.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT INVENT THE TELEPHONE

HONOUR where honour is due, but in Florence, where they have put up a medallion on the Post Office to one of their citizens, Antonio Meucci, because he claimed to have invented the telephone, the Florentines are surely carrying civic enthusiasm too far.

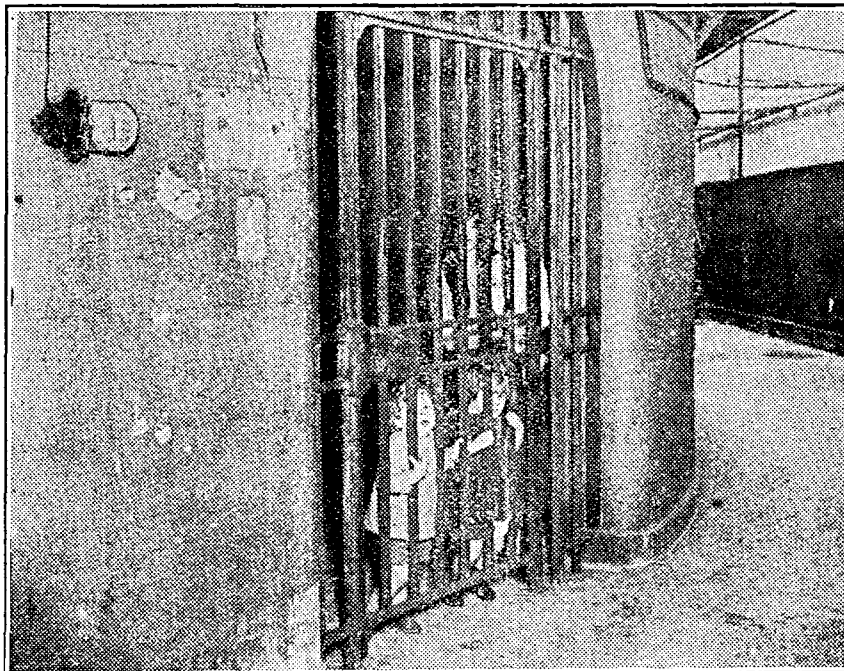
Antonio Meucci did not invent the telephone. That was left to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who in 1876 brought his little invention in a box to the notice of the scientific world, which was first astonished at it, and then adopted it.

Meucci seems to have been one of those imaginative souls who are always

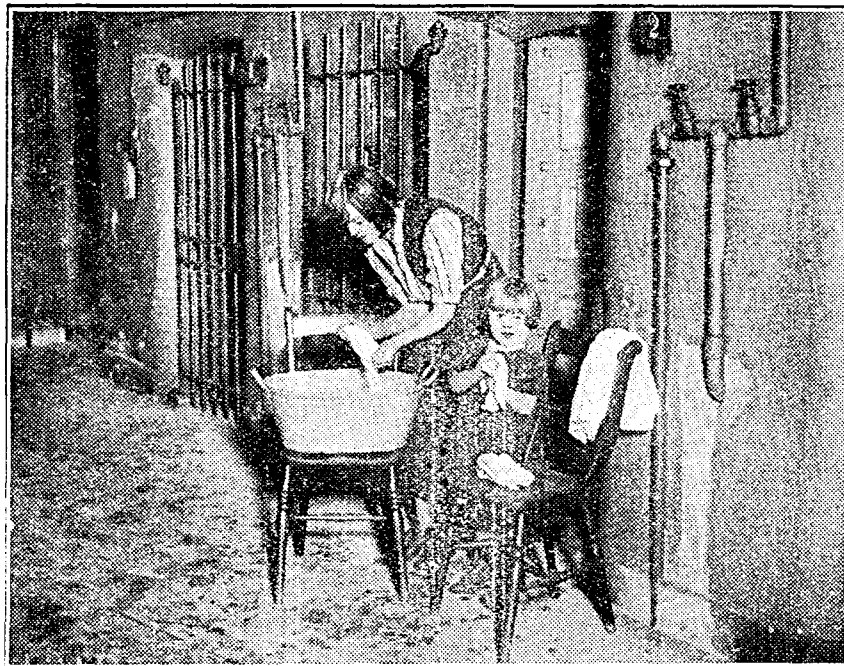
thinking out possibilities but have not the ability to make them practical. He appears, from the tale told about him, to have experimented with some kind of apparatus when he was the humble host of Garibaldi in America in 1849.

He did make an apparatus, which he showed to the President of the New York Telegraph Company; and he did try to patent his invention. But there is no record that he ever did anything practical or more definite than many other inventors who failed, and we know of nothing that he did to entitle him to the credit of inventing the telephone.

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE



A mother and family in one of the cells, now a living room



A housewife at work in the corridor of her curious home

Perhaps nothing will bring home the acute nature of the housing shortage so vividly as these pictures. They were taken in what was formerly Knutsford Prison, Cheshire, a building which has now been given up by the Home Office and has been turned into homes for those families that cannot find houses

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

China now produces a million and a half tons of iron ore annually.

A Washington scientist is said to have developed a stingless bee that gives plenty of good honey.

George Eliot's Husband

Mr. John Walter Cross, the husband of George Eliot, died the other day at 84, and has been buried near the novelist at Highgate.

Aeroplane on the Congo

The Belgian Congo is to have a commercial air route between Leopoldville and Elizabethville. At present it takes six weeks to make this trip, but the aeroplane will do it in two days.

A Rhode Island hen has laid 312 eggs in 308 days.

The State of Kentucky has passed a law making it compulsory to have the Bible read in all schools at least once a day.

Crusoe in India

In the past five years more copies of Robinson Crusoe have been sold in India than were sold in England during the first five years of its publication.

A New Blackboard Chalk

A special blackboard chalk is being developed in American schools. It leaves no dust on the hands, and even when the writing surface is cleaned it spreads none.

TRYING MOMENTS

WHAT PEOPLE DO IN THEM

Little Girl Who Remembered Her Paper

LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION

A little Aldershot girl, clutching a paper which she had just bought, was knocked down the other day by a motor-car. She was picked up, marvellously preserved from injury; she brushed away her tears of terror, and then said in awed tones:

"I nearly lost my comic!" meaning, of course, her paper.

Many of us say and do things as strange or amusing in moments of peril, in intense excitement or in extreme joy.

A man who has been run over by a car says he remembers, not fear, or pain, or horror, but a sense of amazement at the gripping power of rubber as a tyre of the car tore his clothes from his body; while a mountaineer, slipping from an Alpine height, found himself, not alarmed, but thinking with curiosity as he fell, "Now what on earth next?"

Salute for a Rose Bush

Livingstone in the lion's jaws found that curiosity and wonder absorbed all other feeling. "The shock caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. . . . The shake annihilated terror, and I was able to look round at the beast."

Beauty can exalt us to transports of emotion, in life as in the glowing phrases of the poet. A charming example was furnished by the late Sir George Birdwood, who saw two high officials of the Court of Egypt crossing St. James's Park some years ago, come unexpectedly upon a rose bush glorious with bloom.

The two Egyptians paused, and with one accord, stiffened into a statuesque attitude, and gravely made the roses a military salute. This story was capped by Sir Malcolm Kennedy, whose duty it was to escort an envoy from Morocco about London. All the man-made wonders of our great capital were treated by the visitor with contemptuous indifference, but they came upon a laburnum tree festooned with golden bloom.

Caruso's Top Note

The Moor remembered the saying attributed to Mahommed, "The flowers of the Garden of God, this Earth of ours, are every one an Alleluia," and he stopped the carriage in which they were driving, stepped down, and stood before the laburnum in an attitude of earnest prayer.

A record of the things said and done at the time of earthquakes would furnish a fascinating volume of evidence as to the working of the human mind in times of terrible stress. Caruso, the great singer, was in the appalling earthquake at San Francisco, and, not quite sure whether he was really alive, he walked away from the ruins of his hotel, felt and tested all his limbs, and found them whole. Then, drawing a deep breath, he sang aloud his famous top note, and lo, that, too, was unimpaired, and he knew he still lived triumphant.

The Last Kiss

A most beautiful example of the mastery of the flesh by the spirit was afforded during the air raids in London.

A bomb burst in the playing field of a girls' school, injuring, among others, a 15-year-old pupil named Doris Spencer Walton, the daughter of a missionary. With a wound in her side, the girl was taken by two Canadian soldiers to the nearest hospital. Although in intense pain, the dying girl uttered no complaint, but talked quietly to the soldiers.

Seeing that they bore gold stripes for wounds, she said, "I must kiss you both, for you have suffered."

The kisses were given, and a few hours later the beautiful young spirit passed to heaven, to find joy in the company, we may hope, of Philip Sidney.

AMONG HIS OLD FRIENDS

THE PRESIDENT GOES HOME

M. Doumergue Shakes Hands with His Schoolmates

A GREAT DAY IN THE RUINS OF CAESAR

By Our Paris Correspondent

The village of Aigues-Vives, close to Nîmes, in the south of France, has lately honoured the most famous of its children: Gaston Doumergue, the President of the French Republic.

Before he stood for the whole nation M. Doumergue stood for his native district in Parliament; when he was made President he chose his native district for his first official tour.

Breathes there the man who, petted by fortune, does not feel a thrill of joy at visiting his birthplace again after years and years? It means something to us all, an experience like this. It means the sight of an old loved place unchanged by Time. It means the bringing back of childish memories. It means a chance of looking back along the way. "He has not altered," will say his old schoolmates, eager to exchange a word with him. "The same as ever!" chime in the old friends who have just shaken hands with him. The hosts are proud of their guest; the guest is pleased with his hosts; and all are happy.

A Chat with the President

M. Doumergue had bargained for the simplest kind of reception; it was his wish to be free so that the plainest folk might have a word with "their President." It was to be a blissful day of quiet rejoicing, a family gathering consecrated by a glorious Provençal sun shining over the most charming little Provençal village.

At Aigues-Vives there were private recollections in a friendly setting of green; at Nîmes there were historical reminiscences in an ancient setting, of which we read in Arthur Mee's "Golden Year," for Nîmes is the richest city in France for Roman ruins, with the famous amphitheatre, where 30,000 people gathered for a festival in honour of the President of the Republic.

The Seven Hills

The President made a speech. He spoke of the lessons the city of Nîmes can give us, with its old blocks of exquisite buildings which centuries of wars and vandals were unable to destroy. He compared its soil and its seven hills to the soil and seven hills of Rome. "Nîmes," he said, "is in itself a lesson of art and history, telling us the necessity of wisdom, reason, and order, indispensable principles for those who rule over cities and those whose task it is to make these cities beautiful."

He spoke of ideas: "Ideas that have recourse to violence to assert themselves and make headway can never tend to happiness and liberty."

The Desire for Peace

He spoke of Peace: "An ardent desire for peace does not suffice to insure peace. The more we wish for it, the more we must try to establish it on solid foundations and safe guarantees, guarantees residing not only in our personal efforts, but also in the organisations the League of Nations is endeavouring to launch."

He talked of the future: "The future depends on the number of citizens and the number of nations who will consent to subject their interests to the present and weighty requirements of society."

Everybody probably agreed with the President, for everybody cheered; and that night his train sped through the land of Provence in the light of huge bonfires kept burning all along the railroad by friendly folk whose shadows flickered in the dark.

CANNIBALS IN CHAINS

How the Praying Mantis Came to London

A ZOO STORY

Many insects have habits which are distressing to the human conscience, and among the worst is the praying mantis, the large, green, grasshopper-like adventurer who holds up his forelegs to the skies with an air of piety, waiting for unwary flies to buzz into his grasp.

It would not be so bad if the mantis confined himself to fly-catching for sport and sustenance, but unfortunately he is a cannibal, always ready to kill and devour his neighbour. What is even more distressing is that when Mrs. Mantis finds a mate, she makes a point of killing and eating him after the wedding.

With the idea of avoiding such consequences a gentleman who caught eight of these insects in France, and wanted to send them to the Zoo, tied up their front legs with fine threads. Two of them at once set to work to gnaw their bonds away, and as soon as they had succeeded began to eat their fellow travellers, and had made away with one each before the end of the journey.

That left six; and when they had been in their new quarters a few days one of the ladies ate her bridegroom!

SHUTTING UP A TOWN COUNCIL

A Way They Have in Ireland

The enemies of the Irish Free State, whatever else they may have to complain about, cannot accuse the Government of Mr. Cosgrave of not having the courage of its convictions.

It is not long ago since the Free State authorities, finding that Dublin Corporation would not do its work under their laws, deposed the Mayor from his seat of office, shut up the Council, and put the city into the hands of an administrator. Now they have done the same thing at Cork.

There having been many stories of curious goings-on in the southern city, the Government appointed a committee to investigate. It was said that corruption was rife, that the lighting, paving, and drainage of Cork were being neglected, and that the ratepayers were receiving no public services in exchange for their rates. The committee inquired into all these charges, and went away. "And that," thought the citizens of Cork, "is the end of that."

But they were mistaken, for the other day a sealed order came from Dublin, addressed to the Town Clerk, to tell him that the Corporation was dissolved and that a Commissioner had been appointed to take over all the duties of civic government.

So that now Cork has a Mussolini all to herself, and is reported to be getting on very well with him.

BANG

A Woman Making Changes in Denmark

Denmark's new Minister of Education is a woman, a school teacher and a mother; both excellent qualifications.

Fru Nina Bang has already thoroughly stirred up the department, and other things besides.

The department controls the national theatre, which she found making a steady loss. It had always been the rule that one of the four directors should be a Count, and there is no great choice of Counts in Denmark. Fru Bang picked out the capable one of the four directors (he was not the Count) and dismissed the other three!

At present, though the Danish State Church and the schools are entirely separate, the parish pastors have the right of inspection. This the new Education Minister means to abolish.

ISLAND IN DANGER

Rabbits Undermine a Lighthouse MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE WAVES

The rabbit, such a pretty and attractive pet when kept in a hutch, is undoubtedly one of the most destructive and dangerous pests among the mammals.

In Australia millions of pounds' worth of damage is done by it every year, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have to be spent in erecting wire fences, laying traps, and so on, to keep down the pest.

A similar state of things exists in California, and now the rabbit is destroying Smith Island at the eastern entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, between British Columbia and the State of Washington.

Here the animals are proving more destructive than the sea, and they have so undermined the lighthouse standing there that it is in danger of falling.

Twenty-five years ago a former lighthouse keeper took a pair of rabbits to the island and began breeding them to supply the Seattle market, little realising what the result of his experiment would be.

How the Rabbit Multiplies

The rabbits multiplied at an alarming rate and overran the island, eating every green thing and tunnelling through the sandy soil. Not only the lighthouse and the wireless station are now in danger, but the very island itself is threatened, for, undermined as it is in all directions, and covering only 56 acres, it will fall an easy prey to angry seas.

Those who take rabbits to new countries rarely realise the enormous rate at which they multiply. It has been calculated that a single pair, unchecked by famine or natural enemies, would in three years increase to 14 millions.

"In the rays of a setting sun," says an Australian writer of a rabbit-infested area in his own country, "the hillsides look like a vast panorama of moving fur."

It is astonishing what a danger and a menace to a country a little animal may become, an animal which, individually, is not only inoffensive but attractive.

THE WIND BLOWS A BOAT AGAINST THE WIND

An Inventor's Curious Feat

A wonderful vessel has been navigated on the Seine at Paris, which, driven by the wind, can yet sail dead against it!

It is the invention of M. Constantin who, as the C.N. mentioned the other day, is installing a wind-driven electric power station on Mont Ventoux, 5000 feet above the sea.

M. Constantin, with his colleague M. Joessel, has equipped a five-ton boat with an air screw thirty feet in diameter. The screw is connected with a propeller, which it drives, and the vessel has sailed dead against a 15-mile-an-hour wind.

It is an entirely new engineering feat which may do something to lengthen the life of the sailing ship.

GRAMOPHONE NOISES

An Idea for Getting Rid of Them

A new improvement to the gramophone has found its way on to the market, based on an invention by a French scientist, Louis Lumière. It does away entirely with the need for a sound-box, tone-arm, or horn, the needle being attached to the diaphragm, which consists of pleated parchment.

This diaphragm acts as the sound-box, and is capable of reproducing the sound in sufficient volume to dispense with the horn and tone-arm. With these out of the way, reproduction is greatly improved, and resonance on certain notes is almost entirely abolished.

This invention was applied to loud-speakers for wireless some time ago.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF HAPPINESS

GREAT CHANCE FOR YOUNG BRITAIN

Sending Joy Into the Heart of Central Europe's Children

WHO WILL TAKE A COLOURED BAG?

If we are asked the two most important days in the year we should probably say our birthday and Christmas. There is magic in those two words, and not until we are really grown up does the magic fade.

The days grow shorter; we have to get up in the dark; we say "Only six weeks to Christmas." Then the wonderful morning comes when we say, "Do you know it is Christmas Eve?"

All over Europe the festival of Christ's day is held with rejoicing by people who have homes to live in and food to eat. As we think of this we suddenly stop short. It is possible that there are children without homes and food on Christmas day.

Starvation and Sickness

Here is a telegram that came the other day from Greece:

Condition refugees critical. Starvation and sickness rampant. Children mere skeletons, all ragged and living in ruined barracks, warehouses, and tents.

A cold wind blows in as we read this. A colder will blow before our own Happy Christmas dawns. For us warm beds, church bells waking us in the morning, a scamper downstairs, cosy fires, special breakfasts, and lovely Christmas trees with shining dangling things and fairy candles.

But for the children of Central Europe: rags, warehouses, starvation, sickness.

This is terrible. Something must be done. Something is being done. There is a kind body of people who have called themselves the Save the Children Fund. They are working for these homeless children for whom there will be no happy Christmas Day unless we all help.

The Cry of the Children

The Fund watches over the children of Central Europe, the refugees who have been pouring into Greece from famine-stricken areas. The little ones are not too far away to be heard. The cry of the children comes dimly across the Continent into happy England, children crying quietly, hopelessly, because they have no strength, because they are hungry and cold.

What is the Fund doing for them? What can we do? The Fund is arranging special Christmas parties all over England, and at these parties there will be a Christmas Tree, empty. Upon it, after tea, a lot of pretty coloured bags will be hung, and in the bags will be sixpences, threepenny bits, and pennies. Each tree will be loaded with bags, and the Fund will send the bags to the homeless, foodless ones abroad.

Is not this a lovely idea? In every town in England there could be a Christmas party with a tree labelled "Please hang something on me."

A Really Merry Christmas

There are hundreds of these bags waiting in London to be asked for. C.N. readers have only to write a postcard to the Secretary, Children's Parties, Save the Children Fund, 26, Gordon Street, London, W.C.1, and a pretty bag will be sent.

There are Christmas trees in every wood. There are kind ladies who will give parties in every town. The laughter and happiness and the pure joy of giving these parties would ring out and make a really merry Christmas for us all. And each penny given and each kind thought would go on swift wings across to the land where little ones live who have no joy on Christmas Day (or on any other day), who only huddle together, and shiver, and weep.

MARVELLOUS NEW SKYSCRAPER

Rome to Have the World's Biggest Building 5000 OFFICES WITH HALLS AND PROMENADES

If the emperors of ancient Rome could come to life again they might well rub their eyes at the new plans which Signor Mussolini has approved for the beautifying of their city.

And what would amaze them most of all would be to learn about the colossal skyscraper which Signor Mario Palanti, an architect born in Milan, but known all over Italy and South America for his wonderful artistic and engineering genius, will set up outside the town if he can get sufficient support.

It will be no less than 85 storeys high—the highest skyscraper in the world is only 50—and will cost 400 million lire, about four million pounds, to build. And when it is built, it will contain: 5000 offices, a huge arena, a theatre, a concert-hall, picture galleries, and promenades.

The Mole Littoria, as the new landmark will be called, is to be set up in the form of a huge telescope standing on end at full extension. Its base will be 20 storeys high, and the topmost point of its highest tower will reach 1135 feet, over three times the height of St. Peter's, and nearly three times as high as our own St. Paul's. Built of concrete, with steel girders, it will rise into the clear Italian sky like the graceful palace of a dream, dwarfing all other buildings for miles around, and even the Seven Hills themselves.

Beating America

The Woolworth Building in New York, the highest of its kind in the world, is only 792 feet high, the Eiffel Tower of Paris is 984. The people of Rome, now inspired with that new spirit of progress and modern efficiency which Signor Mussolini has done so much to foster throughout Italy, are delighted at the prospect of beating America at her own favourite game of skyscrapers.

But they will have other cause for delight in the many alterations and innovations that are to be introduced into their noble capital city. Broad avenues and boulevards, a National Opera House, a great new theatre, and a splendid new bridge, all these projects are already in hand, and others in contemplation. And whatever is done to rebuild, care will be taken to preserve the historic foundations laid 2000 years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and built up law and order in so many countries where her traditions are still cherished.

A MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS

Why the Ministry of Health Has Read Them

The League of Nations Opium Conference, sitting at Geneva this month, has before it returns from the nations represented (including Germany and America) showing the amount of morphine, cocaine, and other dangerous drugs required for medical purposes.

In order to supply this information regarding England and Wales, the Ministry of Health officials have been examining over a million prescriptions made under the Health Insurance Acts.

With this information in its hands, the League will be able to determine how much production of these drugs ought to be permitted over the whole world.

This is necessary if the present opportunities for illicit drug-taking are to be ended. East and West are equally interested in the success of this endeavour to put a stop to this habit destructive alike of soul and body.

THE COW-BELLS

Tinkle, Tinkle in the Alps WHERE THE SWISS MILK COMES FROM

By a Correspondent in Switzerland

During the autumn the sound of the cow-bells in Swiss valleys grows less and less as the cows come down to their winter stables. When at last the snow comes to stay, they will all have been shut up.

What a difference it makes! All the summer, the valley echoes with bells, little square tinkling bells, large noisy ones like dinner-bells, and great black saucepan-like bells with voices as deep as gongs. It seems unkind to make the cows wear such heavy things, but they are quite unhappy if their bells are taken off!

Sometimes one may see a black-and-white cow, but most of them are cream or pale tan, and they wear broad black leather collars, perhaps with their owner's initials on them in brass nails. When they come down from the mountains, the leader (who wears the biggest bell) carries the one-legged milking stool on her head, fastened between her horns.

None of the children is afraid of them and tiny boys of four or five, waving a branch, will drive them back if they leave their pasture. One sometimes sees fathers holding up babies to stroke a cow's head, and the cows are fond of their owners, too, and mope if they are sold to others.

Electric-Lighted Stables

During winter they live in warm stables with very few windows, but with electric light as a matter of course. If their owners are very poor, they live over the stable, and when the weather becomes very cold and snow lies deep over everything the people come down and live in the stable for the sake of warmth. It is a great pity they have to do this, for the hot stables are very bad for human beings and the children often become ill and unhealthy after living in this way. But the people are beginning to understand how important it is to have daylight and fresh air.

There is a quaint monotonous old folksong used to call the cows home, and a story is told that long ago some Swiss soldiers in the French Army brought back such memories of far-away Alpine valleys, with the cows trooping in at the sunset, that, one and all, the Swiss soldiers left the army and went home!

HOW THE WORLD SHRINKS

Halving the Time of Mails

One would get a fine idea both of geography and of modern travel methods if one could be sent in charge of the mails from London to Buenos Aires by the new route shortly to be adopted.

This route will actually halve the time taken by the ordinary mail steamship.

The mail bags first go out by car to the Croydon aerodrome, and thence by air express to Paris. From Paris they go on by night express train to Toulouse in southern France. (When will this gap in the European air service be made good?)

At Toulouse they will be put into the great mail seaplanes and fly across the Mediterranean to Algeria, whence, in fresh planes, they will cross the Sahara to Dakar in Senegal, close to Cape Verde, Africa's westernmost point.

A fast mail steamer will then take them across the narrowest part of the Atlantic—only 1800 miles—to South America's easternmost point at Pernambuco in Brazil.

From Pernambuco a swift "flying boat" will cover the remaining 2300 miles to Buenos Aires.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Exact Time the Moon Takes for a Complete Revolution?

The moon revolves round the Earth in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes.

If There Were No Gravitation Should We be Without Weight?

Weight is the degree of downward tendency produced by the pull of the Earth's gravitation, and if there were no gravitation there would be no pull, and therefore no weight.

Who Was Vereshchagin?

Vasili Vereshchagin was a Russian painter born in 1842 who was killed on April 13, 1904, on board a Russian warship during the Russo-Japanese War. He painted many pictures of Napoleon's Moscow campaign.

Does Everything Contain Air?

Everything which is porous, such as the soil, charcoal, bread, and so on, contains air, and water contains it in solution. There are, however, some substances such as glass, certain metals, and so on which contain no air.

How High Does the Giant Geyser Throw Its Hot Water?

The Giant Geyser of Yellowstone Park, U.S.A., when active throws up a column of steam and water 250 feet high, and then remains tranquil for several weeks.

Who Wears the Stewart Tartan Today?

The Stewart dress tartan with a red background is worn by pipers of the Scots Guards, Black Watch, and King's Own Scottish Borderers; the Stewart hunting tartan with green background by pipers of the second battalion Royal Scots Regiment.

What Do the Letters C.O. Mean on a Railway Signal?

C.O. means Calling On, and a calling-on signal is a short arm fixed on the posts of home signals or starting signals. When the calling-on arm is lowered the driver goes forward past the signal post on which the arm is fixed, as far as the line is clear.

Are the Colours of a Bird's Feathers Due to Natural Dyes?

No; they are due to optical, not to chemical, causes. There is no pigment making the feather's brilliant colours, but the light of the sun shining on them is broken up and reflected so that we see a kind of rainbow. The colours of plants, however, are due to dyes.

Is There Any Difference of Sea Level in the Pacific and Atlantic?

Yes; the water in the Pacific is slightly higher at high or low tide than it is at the corresponding period in the Atlantic. This is attributed to the attraction of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, the great elevated masses that line the Pacific Coast from north to south.

Are Nuncheon and Luncheon the Same Words?

Though lunch is now used as an abbreviation of luncheon, the longer word is really an extension from lunch, which means a lump, as of bread. Nuncheon, not now used, is an entirely different word. It is the old Middle-English word nonechenche, which means "a noon drink."

What is the Historical Connection of the Rhyme "When Adam Delted," and so on?

John Ball, one of the leaders of the Peasant Revolt in 1381, used to ask the question, When Adam delded (that is dug) and Eve span, who was then a gentleman? meaning that it was the duty of all to work, and that the gentry had no right to idle and live on the labours of the poor.

Can the Groups Fish, Mammals, and so on, be Described as Species?

No; the Animal Kingdom has sub-kingdoms like the vertebrata, arthropoda, mollusca, brachiopoda, and so on; the vertebrata are divided into classes like the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, etc., and the classes of fishes and so on are divided into sub-classes, orders, sub-orders, sections, and species.

Why, When Two Solid Bodies Come Together With Force, do They Rebound?

The rebound is due to the fact that the bodies possess a property known as elasticity. We regard india-rubber as very elastic, but as a matter of fact in a scientific sense glass and ivory, to name only two substances, are much more elastic. When two billiard balls clash they flatten on the colliding sides momentarily, and then spring back to their original shapes. The rebound drives them apart.

NEXT WEEK'S METEORS

FINE DISPLAY EXPECTED

Fragments of a Comet Racing After the Earth

ADDING TO THE WORLD'S SIZE

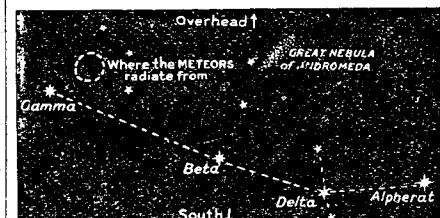
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Andromeda meteors are now due, and the conditions are favourable for observing them, provided the weather is fine, for the Moon is fortunately absent from the evening sky.

From November 20 till November 29 it is possible that some of these bright streaks may be seen shooting across the sky from a point almost overhead, as shown in the star map.

If the observer faces due south and looks upward, any time between say 8 and 10 o'clock p.m., he will easily identify this group of Andromeda's stars. They cover an area almost as large as the Plough, and are just above Aries.

If the Earth happens to cross the densest part of this flying swarm of meteors when it is night in this part of



Where to look for the meteors

the world, quite a fine display may be expected, and possibly an average of 20 an hour will be seen.

On the other hand, if the display occurs in daylight only a few may be observed; the nights of November 21, 22, and 23 being the most likely to reward watchers. There is a peculiar charm in "spotting" even one of these cometary fragments from distant space, which but three years ago was between five and six hundred million miles away, and is now, as we see it shoot across the sky like a streak of light, possibly but fifty miles above us. It was once over a hundred million miles beyond the orbit of Jupiter, whirling along in company with myriads of other particles. During the last three years it has, with ever-increasing speed from but 7 or 8 miles a second, been getting faster and faster until, as it neared the Earth, it was moving at 26 miles a second.

It was literally racing after the Earth, whose speed is but 18½ miles a second, and eventually overtakes our world and rushes to its doom. For, with perhaps a million or two of its Andromedid companions, this meteor comes too close, and succumbs to the great gravitational pull of the Earth.

The Rush Through the Air

On entering our atmosphere at tremendous speed, some 70 or 80 miles above us, the friction brings it speedily to a white heat. In this state we see it descend more or less obliquely for some 20 or 30 miles. When burned out its residual gases and dust become part of our great world.

Several millions of meteors have been calculated to become part of our Earth every day, and it has been estimated that their combined material amounts to between 30,000 and 40,000 tons a year.

By annually adding to the Earth's weight by this amount some very serious effect might be expected in the course of ages, by shortening the year or lengthening the day, owing to our world becoming more massive and larger.

But, notwithstanding the immense amount of meteoric material that falls on the Earth, it has been found that the lengthening of the day would not amount to one-thousandth of a second in a million years, such is the immensity of our world by comparison. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Venus and Saturn are in the east before sunrise. In the evening Jupiter is in the south-west; Mars and Uranus south.

THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of
a School by the Sea

CHAPTER 37
Gerald Takes Steps

THE back door was locked and barred, and Bess knew that it would take some little time and cause a deal of noise to undo the fastenings.

But there was another and an easier way out, through the pantry window which opened on the yard, and slipping back the catch, Bess pushed up the sash and looked out.

The boy whom she had seen from her bedroom window was in the act of passing through a door in the wall on the left side of the yard. Bess got only a glimpse of him, but that was enough to show her that he was not Jack.

"Who can it be?" she asked herself; "and what in the world is he doing at this time of night?"

She did not hesitate a moment, but climbing out, dropped down on to the gravel below, and ran towards the door.

The boy had closed it behind him, and by the time Bess had reached and opened it he was out of sight. Either he had climbed in at a ground-floor window or got round to the front of the house.

Bess hesitated a moment, and just then she heard a sound in the opposite direction. It was the grunting of pigs.

Now Bess knew enough about pigs to be sure that at such an hour as this they ought to be asleep in their sties. She stood listening, and a moment later a crash reached her ears, followed by a clatter of broken glass. The sound came from the garden, and in a flash Bess was running hard in that direction.

The garden was square and walled and lay behind the yard. Reaching the nearest door, Bess flung it open, and then a cry of dismay escaped her. For the place was full of pigs—all the ten young porkers which had come from Soper's on the previous afternoon were loose and roving about among the beds, grubbing out the plants with their snouts and grunting with delight as they gobbled up the young vegetables.

The crash had been caused by one that had managed to force its way into a frame full of young marrows, and in so doing had upset the cover and broken it all to pieces.

"Oh!" gasped Bess, in utter dismay. "Oh, what shall I do?"

She felt like crying, for it was simply heartbreaking to see the damage that had been done. In the bright moonlight the carefully tended beds looked as if they had been freshly ploughed, and every moment the greedy beasts were adding to the ruin.

But Bess was not the sort to give way to tears so long as there was something to be done. Gathering up the skirts of her dressing-gown she ran round by the wall, shooing the pigs away from the beds, and driving them towards the open door.

But the active little brutes ran grunting and squealing joyfully in every direction except the right one. Their sharp hoofs cut deep into the neatly raked beds, flinging young turnips and carrots in every direction and "making hay" of a newly-planted celery bed.

"You horrid, horrid things!" cried Bess, as she picked up a stone and flung it at the nearest. She hit it, too, and frightened it, and it charged straight for the door and bolted through; and luckily the others followed it.

Where they went Bess did not see, nor did she care. Quite exhausted and out of breath she was closing the door, when suddenly someone came running up from the direction of the school.

"Bess, is that you?" came the voice of Gerald Darcy. "I heard the noise; that's why I came. Whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, Gerald, the pigs!" cried

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C. N. Storyteller

Bess. "They were all in the garden, and they have just ruined it." "Pigs in the garden! But how did they get there?" demanded Darcy.

"Someone left the door open," said Bess unsteadily.

"Yes, but who turned the pigs in? They didn't get out of the sty by themselves."

Then Bess remembered.

"That boy!" she exclaimed.

"The boy I saw stealing across the yard. He went out by the south door, and I couldn't catch him."

"Was it Alfred Soper?" asked Darcy quickly.

"No, he was not big enough. I—I think—"

"And I know," cut in Darcy, and was off like a streak.

CHAPTER 38
Jenner's Downfall

LIKE Bess, Gerald Darcy had a way of getting in and out without bothering about doors. Discipline had gone slack in Mr. Fearon's time, and Darcy and some of his pals had been in the habit of getting out into a big cedar, of which the boughs almost touched the dormitory window, and going down to the sea for a bath at dawn.

Now Gerald was up the tree in a twinkling, and climbing in at the window, paused a moment to make sure that no one was watching.

The five other boys in the dormitory seemed to be all sound asleep; and Darcy went out into the passage and listened for a moment at the door of the next room. He heard someone moving, and as he turned the handle was certain someone dived into bed. Yet when he was inside there was not a movement, and all that he could hear was the deep breathing of sleeping boys.

Darcy, however, did not hesitate a moment, but going straight to a bed in the far corner took hold of the bedclothes and with one quick jerk ripped them off. There lay Jenner with his pyjama jacket on, but still wearing trousers and socks.

"So it was you!" said Darcy, in a tone of bitter contempt, and the words were not out of his mouth before Jenner was up and at him.

But that was just what Gerald had been expecting, and he was not caught napping. As Jenner sprang at him Gerald hit out and his fist, catching Jenner cleanly on the bridge of the nose, sent him sprawling back across his bed.

"What's up?" came a sleepy voice from the next bed. "Hallo, Darcy, what are you doing in our room?"

"When you go and look at the garden tomorrow you'll know what's up, Vaughan," replied Darcy. "Jenner has turned the pigs into it, and the place is like a ploughed field."

Vaughan, a biggish chap and a keen gardener, sat up suddenly.

"Turned the pigs into the garden!" He swung round on Jenner. "You—you're worse than a pig yourself!" he said angrily. "But wait till tomorrow, and you'll know all about it!"

The truth of Vaughan's prophecy became all too clear to Jenner next morning, for the story went through the school like a flash, and before breakfast practically every boy at Salthorpe had been to look at the damage.

By daylight it looked even worse than by moonlight, and the boys, who were almost all keener on the garden than on anything else in the place, were furious.

When Jenner came to breakfast not a soul would speak to him, and the boys who had to sit next to him, deliberately moved away as far as they could.

He was in Coventry and he knew it, and though he boiled with rage he was perfectly helpless. Not even his dear chum Pringle dared say a word to him, for Vaughan and

others had warned the fat boy that, if he did speak to Jenner, he, too, would go to Coventry.

Jenner was not only furious, he was frightened, for he was expecting every minute to be called up before the headmaster. The last thing that his mean mind was able to understand was that Mr. Arnold knew nothing about the business. Darcy and Bess had talked it over, and Darcy had told her that he and the rest would attend to Jenner, so Bess was to say nothing to her brother.

Meanwhile, the pigs had to be rounded-up out of the meadow, where they were running loose, and put back in their sty, and about a dozen boys had been hard at work with rakes and hoes tidying up the garden and concealing as well as they could the results of the raid.

By dinner-time it had begun to dawn on Jenner that he had not been reported, and he felt a little easier in his mind. But the way the other boys avoided him made him angrier than ever. For some terms he had been accustomed to boss the school and bully and fag the younger boys, but now even the little fellows refused to come near him. And he dared not try force, for well he knew that if he did so, he would have Darcy and Vaughan and half a dozen others down on him like a ton of bricks.

After dinner most of the boys went to cricket, but Jenner skulked among the trees behind the school and waited until all was quiet. Then he slipped cautiously back, and, making sure that no one was watching, went to Mr. Jarvis's room and knocked.

CHAPTER 39
Paul Pretends

JACK, seated on the lowest rung of the ladder in pitch darkness, listened with straining ears to what was going on above. He heard Emmett's harsh threat and waited breathlessly for the answer.

"Hey?" he heard Paul Endacott grunt. "What did ye say?"

And in a flash he realised that the old man was pretending to be deaf.

"That boy," roared Emmett, in a voice that made the rafters ring. "Where is he?"

"Boy," repeated Endacott. "Oh, aye! It'll be young Garge Gibbs you're looking for. He were here this morning wi' a pint of milk. A present from his old dad. Ye sees, I helps drive the cows up for him evenings; and—"

"You old imbecile!" burst out Emmett in a furious rage. "It's Seagrave—Jack Seagrave—we're looking for."

"No, he don't live by the sea," responded Paul. "Milton Farm is where he bides."

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Emmett gave a sort of howl, and Jack, in spite of the pain in his ankle, nearly burst out laughing.

"Here, Nick, you talk to him," snapped Emmett. "You see if you can make the old dotard hear."

Lewin started in with a bellow that seemed to shake the floor. "Seagrave—Jack Seagrave—the boy as came along just now!" he shouted.

"I tell ye he ain't got nothing to do with the sea," repeated Paul in his toneless voice; and Emmett burst into a torrent of angry words that made Jack shiver.

Lewin spoke again. "Write it down, Bert," he suggested.

Emmett apparently began to do so, for presently Jack heard Paul speak again. "That ain't no use, mister. Written words don't mean nothing to me."

Emmett roared out again.

"It ain't no use talking, Bert," growled Lewin. "We're only wasting time. Best thing we can do is to search the place."

"Aye, that'll be best," agreed Emmett. "You go up and I'll try down. Quick now, for that brat's sharp as paint; and, even if he did take a fall, it don't follow as he's hurt hisself anything bad."

Jack heard heavy steps overhead, then Paul's voice raised sharply.

"Here, what be you a-doing of? I told ye Garge weren't here."

The smugglers paid no attention, and next moment Jack heard the cupboard door flung open. He held his breath. But Emmett evidently had no reason to suspect that the cupboard was anything but what it appeared to be, and the next moment was striding away in the opposite direction.

For some minutes the search continued, the men upsetting furniture and banging everything about. Then Jack heard Lewin speak again.

"He ain't upstairs, Bert."

"Nor he ain't down!" snarled Bert, who was clearly in a most evil temper. "Yet if he ain't here, I don't know where he's got to. It didn't look to me like he could do more than hobble."

"Might have been just a ricked muscle," suggested Lewin. "That sort of thing passes off quick, and like as not he's away over the fields towards Ruston."

"We've got to get him," declared Emmett desperately. "If he gets away he'll split on us, and that'll see our finish. We've got to get him alive or dead," he repeated.

The repressed fury in the man's tones made Jack shiver, yet for all that he breathed more easily. Not only was his hiding-place undiscovered, but neither of the men appeared to have even suspected its existence.

"Come on, then," he heard Lewin say; and the next moment the door banged, and they were gone.

Jack moved, and a stab of pain shot through his damaged ankle. He stooped, and, fumbling with the laces, began to get his boot off. Presently he heard three taps on the floor overhead, and took it as a signal from Paul Endacott that he was to listen. Then he heard Paul's voice through the floor saying: "Keep quiet, Jack. I don't know but what they may be watching the place. They're dangerous men, them two."

"I'm all right," Jack answered. "Don't bother about me."

"I'll wait a while," said Paul. "As soon as I'm sure they're gone, I'll drop you down a candle and some bandages, and something to eat."

"Don't risk it yet," Jack answered. "I'd rather stay a week in the dark than chance being caught again. Those fellows would kill me rather than let me get away. They—"

He broke off short as a fresh sound reached his ears. A dog was whining outside the house.

With a horrible shock it came to him that he had completely forgotten Bingo, who must have been shut outside when he himself first entered the house. And now if Emmett and Lewin saw the dog, they would know for certain that their quarry was hidden in the ruin.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Story Teller

THE wind howled through the keyhole, rattled the shabby window panes and worn old door, and tried its hardest to blow away the cardboard stuck over the broken window-pane.

"What a dreadful night to be out in," said the poor mother as the frightened children crept nearer to her side.

"Mother," said one, "somebody is knocking at the door."

"It's the wind," said Mother.

"But listen!" said the child.

The wind died down, and all heard plainly a sharp rat-tat-tat.

"Can you shelter a lost stranger from the storm?" the children heard a gruff voice ask, when the door was unbarred.

"Lost! On this dark night!" said the woman. "Come in."

And in there stepped a tall, thin, stooping man with rain streaming from his coat and from the queer-shaped pack slung over his shoulder.

The coat was soon hung up to dry. The stranger was seated in the only armchair, while the poor mother bustled round and got him some food.

"Thanks!" said the man when the last mouthful was eaten.

He pushed back his chair, sat one child on his knee and began to tell them stories. The others crept slowly nearer, then rocked with laughter at the funny tales, while the poor woman wiped the happy tears from her eyes.

The cat looked up and purred softly; the kettle on the hob sang merrily. Even the log spluttered and burned more brightly, and everybody forgot the terrible storm. At last the children's heads began to nod.

That night the children all slept with their mother while the stranger had their bed. After breakfast the next morning he rose to go.

"I have no money to pay you with, good mother," said he, "but I'll mend that broken window-pane."

"I'll be pleased if you do," said the woman.

The man untied his pack, took out some tools and worked long and quickly.

"There!" said he at last. "I've left you something to remember me by."

And he said good-bye to them and strode away singing.

"Mother!" shouted one of the children. "Come and see us in the window-pane."

The mother left her work, and stared long and silently. For there in the new yellow-tinted window-pane was a picture of them all—the thin stranger leaning back in the armchair with the youngest child on his knee; the two other little ones sitting on the stone floor, grabbing his knees and peering into his smiling face; the poor mother rocking to and fro with laughter. Even the cat and kettle were not forgotten, while the fire flames shed a rosy glow over them all.

"Well," said Mother at last, "I never knew this tumbledown hut could look so cosy."



The Sun Breaks Through the Darkest Clouds



DI MERRYMAN

THE schoolmaster asked: "Who fiddled while Rome was burning?"

There was a painful silence, and then came a voice from the bottom of the class.

"Hector, sir."

"No, not Hector; try again."

"Towser, sir."

"Towser! What do you mean?"

"Well, sir," replied the voice, "if it wasn't Hector or Towser it must have been Nero. I know it was somebody with a dog's name."

Strange People

FROM the fifth Harry's time we our pedigree trace,
But some will aver more ancient our race;

We are born amidst bustle, and riot, and noise;

We're a numerous family, most of us boys;

We are mere human creatures, like you or like others,

And, what is more strange, we have hundreds of brothers.

We are none of us dumb—some have language profuse—

But not many words do most of us use.

One little hint more to give I think fit—

We all of us stand before we can sit.

Answer next week

WHAT kind of words should a parrot use? Polysyllables.

A Way of Escape

FIRST DENTIST: "How do you like my new rooms? You will notice that this fire-escape makes my waiting-room one of the safest rooms in the building."

Second Dentist: "I shouldn't call that very safe. I have lost dozens of patients in that way."

Lucky for Him!

A BAT through the night flitting by
Reflected, "Though wise men may try

To prove I'm a kind
Of a winged mouse, I find
That winged cats aren't abroad in the sky!"

The Safety First Alphabet



C IS for Caution—an excellent virtue!

Don't walk into danger or something will hurt you.



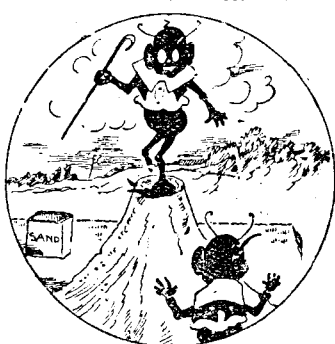
D IS for Doctor, a gentleman old,
Who visits small boys who don't do as they're told.

Is Your Name Vaughan?

VAUGHAN is a name of Celtic origin and means little. It was no doubt given originally as a nickname to describe some person short of stature, and then became a regular surname for his descendants.

WHY should you ride a bucking horse if you wish to get rich?
Because you are no sooner on its back than you are better off.

The Mountaineer



"THE far-famed Alps," said Snip to Snap,

"Don't much appeal to me, But I can climb a mountain top, As you shall shortly see."

He led the way, then scrambled up, As nimble as could be.

His "mountain" was a heap of sand

That formed a golf-course tee!

What Am I?

NO man could ever yet my shape reveal,

From mortal sight I still myself conceal;

I'm an aerial vehicle of sound, Still within hearing, never to be found;

Off in strange languages I silence break,

Without a tongue, in every one I speak;

Yes, and to music, too, I dare pretend,

Composer's art could ne'er my power transcend;

Greatest musicians strive with me in vain,

I emulate the best, outlast the longest strain.

Go, learned wits, now proudly boast your parts;

I, though untaught, can talk of all your arts.

Answer next week

WHEN are the streets of a town very greasy?

When the rain is dripping.

Very Rude

A FARMHAND went to the post office to send off a telegram—the first he had ever sent. The result was that he was arrested for assaulting the telegraph clerk.

"Why did you strike this man?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, sir," replied the yokel, "I gave him a telegram to send, and he at once began to read it!"

A Charade

MY first contains a solid foot
When used, or when on trial;

Without my second not a note
Can sound on harp or viol;

My whole, when in its proper place,
Within my first you'll view;

'Tis strange, but when you've solved the case
You'll smile to find it true.

Solution next week

WHAT is it walks with its head downwards? A nail in a shoe.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? Southampton

Do You Know Me? Scarborough

A Hidden Word Puzzle

Animals. Acorn, Nest, Idol, Mussel, Apple, Lock, Saw.

Who Was He?

The Master of the World was the Emperor Augustus.

Jacko Takes His Mother for a Ride

JACKO was very fond of his mother. There was nothing he wouldn't do to please her, though generally, when he tried to help, he ended by being a thorough nuisance.

One day Jacko overheard her telling Belinda how seldom she got out nowadays.

"I'll take you for a ride in the car, Mater," shouted Jacko, rushing into the room. "I can drive quite well, and I promise not to go fast."

But Mrs. Jacko wouldn't hear of it. Mr. Jacko was away, and she said she didn't know what he'd say if he came back and found Jacko had been driving the car. "Though I don't doubt you can do it," she added, kindly.

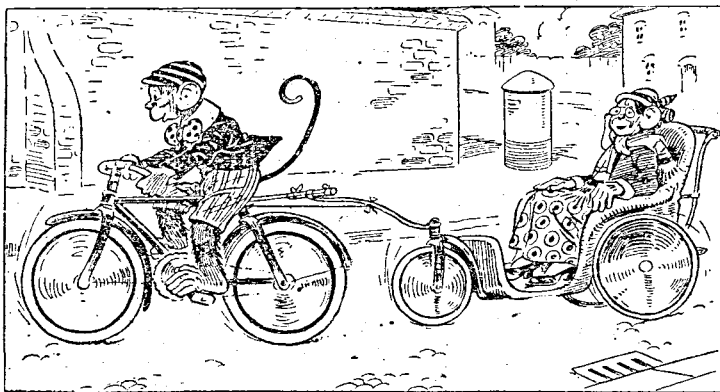
Jacko didn't say anything more about it; he had thought of something else. And a day or two later he had a surprise for Mrs. Jacko.

He had found an old bath chair and tied it to his bicycle, and there it was all ready for him to take his mother for a ride.

"I don't know that it looks very safe," said Mrs. Jacko.

"And I'm quite sure it isn't," chimed in Adolphus. "Don't you go with him, Mater!"

But Mrs. Jacko thought it was unkind not to have a ride after Jacko had taken so much trouble.



"We'll go a little way," said Mrs. Jacko

"We'll go a little way," she said; "just down the road."

Jacko made her very comfortable in the bath chair. He fetched lots of rugs and cushions, and tucked her in so snugly that she said she'd never want to get out again; and when they had been down the road and back, she actually wanted to go a little farther.

Adolphus was furious. He had made sure that Jacko would upset the bath chair, and that he would be able to say, "I told you so" to his mother. And yet, here she was back again safely, and wanting another ride!

He got out his motor bicycle and suggested they tied the bath chair on to that; but Mrs. Jacko didn't like the idea at all.

"Now that really would be dangerous," she said.

Adolphus stalked off in a rage.

He jumped on his motor bicycle, and followed Jacko and the bath chair down the road. They were going splendidly, and Mrs. Jacko was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Adolphus soon got tired of hanging behind. He passed them at a terrific speed, hooting for all he was worth, and frightening poor Mrs. Jacko almost out of her life.

Then he looked back to see what effect it had had on them.

But what with the looking back and the muddy road, he began to wobble. And it was Adolphus who went into the ditch!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Blackbird's Appeal

A Guernsey reader sends this story of a blackbird's intelligence.

Looking out of a window which overlooks my garden, I saw a blackbird on the roof of an outhouse, in great trouble.

When I went down and opened the door the bird jumped from the roof of the outhouse, ran up to me, and then back to the door of the outhouse, which has a hole in it to allow the cat to go in and out.

As he continued running to ward me and back again to the door, I opened the outhouse door and found pussy with the blackbird's mate in his mouth.

I made the cat drop the bird, and she and her mate presently ran together a few steps up the garden, and then flew away

L'Appel d'un Merle

Un lecteur de Guernesey nous envoie cette anecdote de l'intelligence d'un merle.

En regardant par une fenêtre qui donne sur mon jardin, je vis un merle perché sur le toit d'une dépendance, fort en peine.

Lorsque je descendis et que j'ouvris la porte, l'oiseau sauta à bas du toit de la dépendance, courut à moi, puis il retourna à la porte de la dépendance, dans laquelle on a pratiqué un trou pour permettre au chat d'entrer et de sortir.

Comme il continuait à faire la navette entre moi et la porte, j'ouvris la porte de la dépendance et je découvris Minet tenant la compagne du merle entre ses dents.

Je fis lâcher l'oiseau au chat, bientôt la merlette et son compagnon firent quelques pas dans le jardin, puis ils s'envolèrent.

Tales Before Bedtime

Gerry's Mistake

GERRY was sent to the grocer's to buy several things. His mother had made out a list of them, and told him not to lose it.

"And here's a letter for Auntie Meggie," she said, "to tell her we will go to tea with her tomorrow. You can buy a stamp at the post office."

Gerry promised to post the letter. He didn't want to forget, for he loved going to tea with Auntie Meggie, who always had little cakes with lumps of chocolate on them.

But the grocer's shop was very full, and Gerry had to wait his turn. At last he handed over the list, and the grocer read it out.

"I'm afraid the basket you have won't hold them all," he said. "I see your mother wants half a pound of bacon. Do you think you can manage to carry it?"

Gerry said he was sure he could. So with his basket in one hand, and the packet of bacon and the letter in the other, he made his way to the post office. He bought his stamp, and was just going to stick it on when he caught sight of a Punch and Judy show. And he was so anxious to see the show that, instead of sticking the stamp on the letter, he stuck it on the bacon. And dropped the parcel into the pillar box!

Half an hour later, as he turned to go home, Gerry noticed the letter still in his hand. And he knew what he had done. He had posted the bacon instead. What was he to do?

Just then came along the postman. He opened the box, and Gerry saw his packet of bacon lying among the letters.



Gerry promised

"Here's a funny thing," said the postman, unwrapping the parcel. "I've had some curious letters before, but never one as curious as this!" I wonder who it belongs to.

"It's mine," cried Gerry, "I meant to post the letter, and I posted the bacon instead!"

How the postman laughed. But because he knew whose little boy Gerry was, he gave him back the bacon, and lent him the money to buy another stamp. And so everything turned out well.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 22, 1924

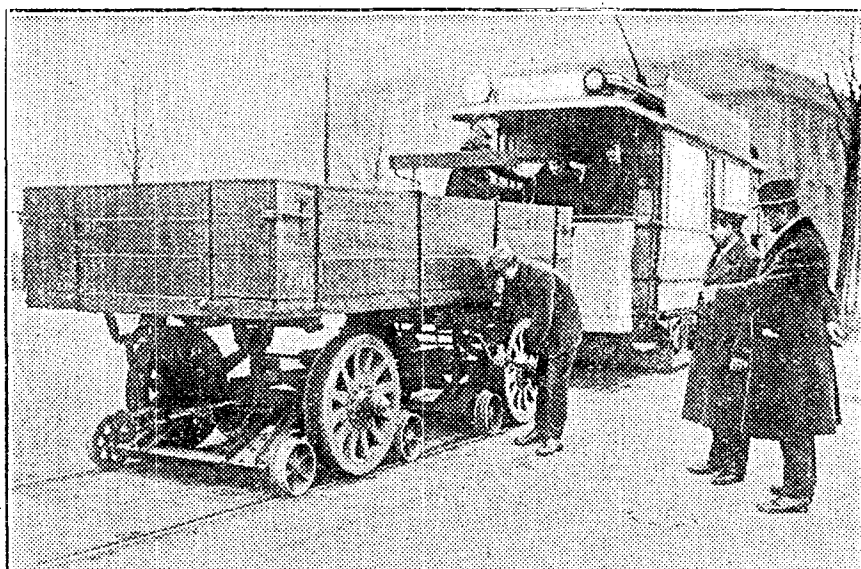
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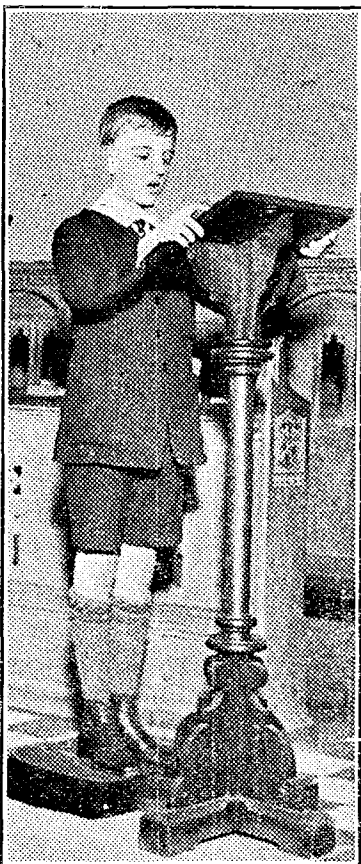
ZOO'S NEW BEAR • THE LUGGAGE TRAM • THE POPE SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT



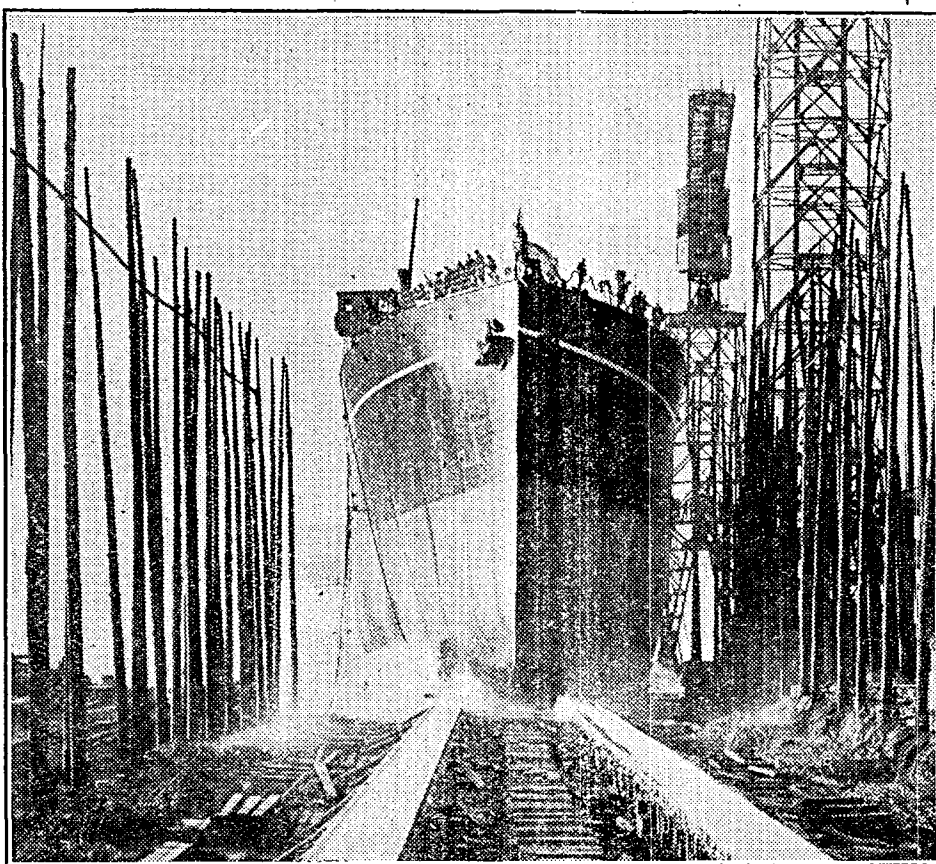
A New Inmate for the Zoo—This young polar bear has just arrived at the London Zoo, where it is settling down quite happily in its new surroundings. It was brought from Labrador



Goods by Tramcar—The Berlin tramway authorities are putting the tramcars to a novel use. They are attaching to them trolley wagons which run on the rails and carry goods



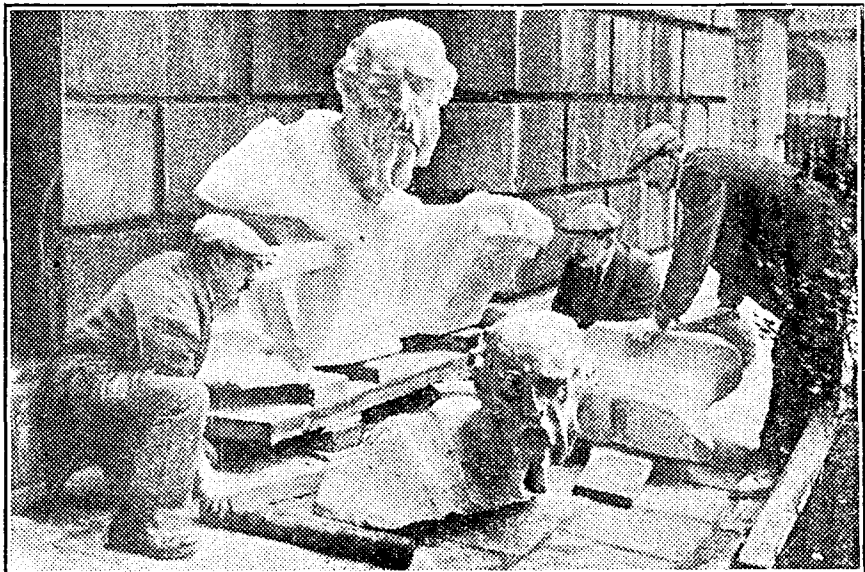
Reading the Lessons—At a church in North London, a children's service was recently held at which the lessons were read from the lectern by a boy



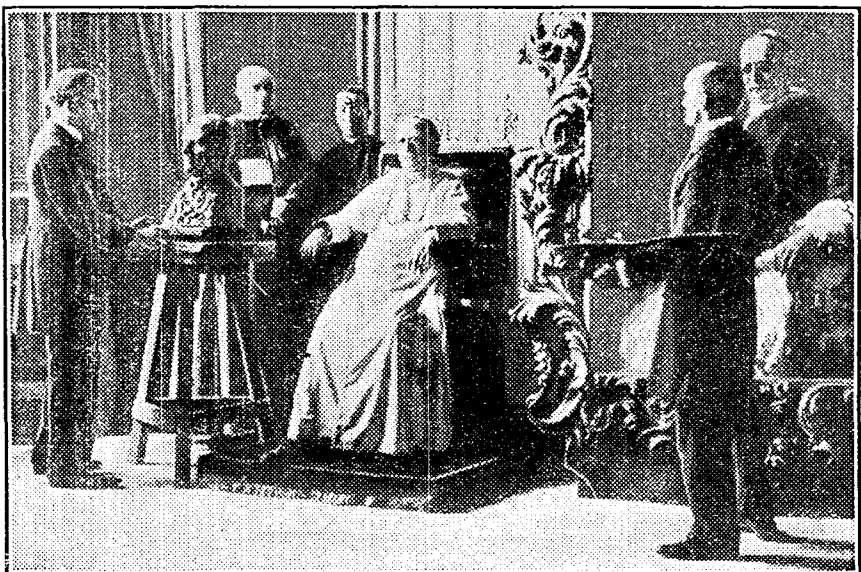
The New Ship Rides Down the Slips—This new P. & O. liner, the Cathay, has just been launched at Scotstown, on the Clyde. There are few more stirring or impressive sights than the launch of a great liner, and as it slips down into the water without a hitch it provides a striking example of the triumph of man in mechanical skill. It is a modern miracle that such giant ships can be designed without a flaw



A Barrow Load of Chows—This young dog lover assists his father at Streatham, London, in the rearing of chows. Here is a barrow load of fine puppies



Restoring St. Paul's Cathedral—Although built only in the 17th century, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been much damaged by the City's smoky atmosphere. Some of the stone saints on top are being replaced, and here we see the new St. Simon and the old worn statue



The Pope Sits to Painter and Sculptor—Pope Pius the Eleventh has been giving sittings to Professor Palanti, a famous painter, and Professor Durig, a well-known sculptor and disciple of Rodin, and here we see him with the two artists at their work, one on either side

WHAT NINE POOR MEN DID FOR ENGLAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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